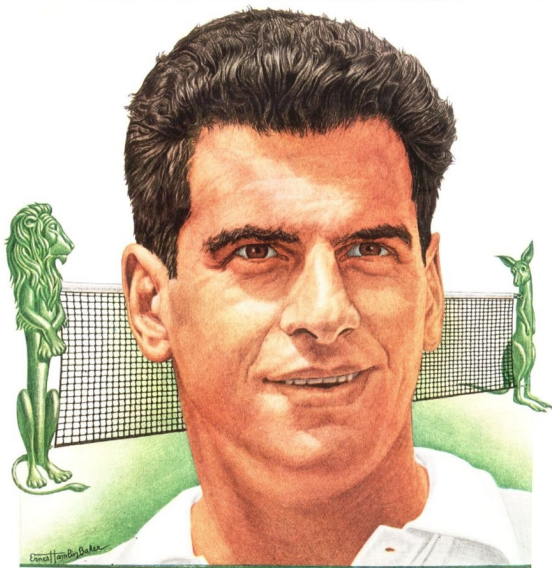


TWENTY CENTS

AUGUST 27, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



DICK SAVITT

The man to beat is a marked man.

\$6.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LVIII NO. 9



Paul Hesse photo

Decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

New driving thrill! 120-horsepower wonder car!

Spectacular Studebaker Commander V-8

A jet-streamed powerhouse on wheels!

New-type high efficiency valve-in-head V-8 engine!

Sensational acceleration! Exceptional thrift!*

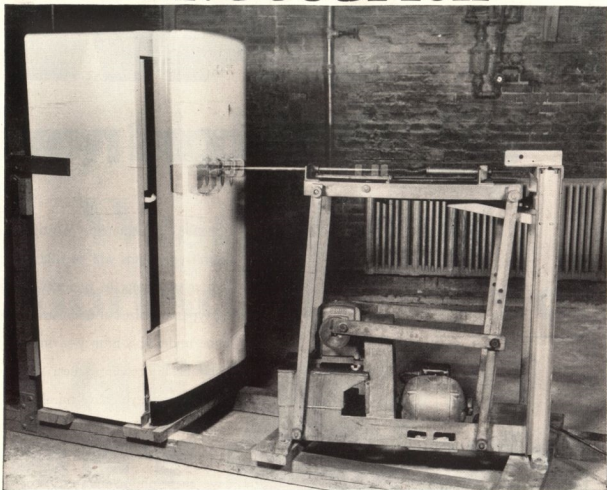
A stand-out in quality! A bargain buy!

*Best 8 in actual gas milage in 1951 Mobilgas Run.
Overdrive, optional at extra cost, was used.

SEE THE THRIFTY STUDEBAKER CHAMPION, TOO... TOP VALUE OF THE TOP 4 LOWEST PRICE CARS

©1951, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

B.F. Goodrich



Machine slams door a million times

Story of a product improvement—what will Koroseal do next?

THAT door is being slammed 46,000 times a day against a Koroseal door cushion or gasket. The old types of gaskets used around the edges of refrigerator doors wore out after 200,000 slams. Hinges and hardware are tested for 330,000 slams. Koroseal gaskets, "slam-tested" more than a million times, were still as good as new. They'll usually outlast the refrigerator.

Butter, fats and oils make other gaskets gummy so they leave discoloring marks, but such things have no effect on Koroseal flexible material.

How many other things can Koroseal do? You businessmen with product problems can probably think of

even more ways to use it than we can.

Koroseal flexible material can be made in dozens—even hundreds—of forms: sheets, films, coatings, tubes or other extrusions, any thickness or size, can be laminated to paper, cloth, tin foil, may have a high-gloss finish or pattern or "grain". Can be sealed with heat.

It may make new kinds of packages for foods or greases or other things, for products needing softness, easy cleaning, resistance to chemicals. In most forms it even resists flame—will burn only while actually held in flame, goes out when flame is removed.

It's waterproof, easy to clean in fur-

niture upholstery, bus seats, truck or car seats. Fresh dirt comes off with a swish of a damp cloth. Or you can use soap and water as often as you wish. It's nearly scuffproof, looks like new long after others would be scratched and worn.

Current supplies are limited, but we invite inquiries from businessmen planning for the future. We'll tell you frankly what experience we have had in your field, and send samples for test or experiment if necessary. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Koroseal Sales Department, Marietta, Ohio.*

Koroseal—Trade Mark—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

B.F. Goodrich
Koroseal Flexible Materials

SAVE

You can now



LIFE...

None burns brighter, none lasts longer than Westinghouse fluorescent lamps. For factories, stores, offices, schools or public buildings, their lifetime record is tops.



PERFORMANCE.

Since the introduction of Westinghouse fluorescent lamps, light output has been steadily increased, life lengthened, and price reduced. Today's new discounts are new, added proof of Westinghouse progress in lamp leadership.



VALUE...

Measured by any yardstick, whether quality of light output or lamp life, there's no better value for the money.

Effective immediately, Westinghouse fluorescent lamps will be sold at new, greater discounts to quantity buyers. All types and sizes of fluorescent lamps come under this money-saving order: standard fluorescent tubes, slimlines, and circlines—you save on all!

In quality, these lamps remain unsurpassed! Their end-to-end brightness, their uniformity of color, and, above all, their dependable performance for thousands of hours add up to value that is not topped.

So, whether you buy a few tubes or a few thousand, whether you are a regular Westinghouse customer, or a prospect, take advantage of these important savings.

For details, call or write the Westinghouse sales office nearest you. See list at right. Westinghouse Lamp Division, Bloomfield, New Jersey.



CITY	ADDRESS	PHONE	CITY	ADDRESS	PHONE	CITY	ADDRESS	PHONE
Albany	454 N. Pearl St.	4-9135	Chicago	Whitehall 4-3860		Detroit	5757 Tremont Ave.	Trinity 2-7019
Allentown	733 Hamilton St.	4-5108	Cincinnati	207 W. Third St.	Garfield 2250	Fl. Wayne	630 S. Harrison St.	Anthony 3421
Amarillo	301 Park St.	7536	Cleveland	1370 Ontario St.	Cherry 1-7600	Fl. Worth	1310 E. 10th Bldg.	Felton 4786
Atlanta	(Chamblee, Ga.)	21-3141	Columbus	262 N. 4th St.	Men 5527	Harford	119 Ann St.	4-0811
Baltimore	2260 Pennington Ind. Bldg.	Plaza 0300	Dallas	209 Broadway St.	8-6161	Houston	1014 Texas Ave.	Chatter 4551
Birmingham	501 St. Paul Pl.	Plaza 0300	Dayton	2212 E. 12th St.	3-2761	Huntington, W. Va.	1079 7th Avenue	2146
Boston	P. O. Box 1814	Wanamant 2-7052	Denver	32 N. Main St.	Adams 9153	Indianapolis	137 S. Pennsylvania St.	Market 2551
Buffalo	314 Elliott St. Bldg.	BE 5-6070	Des Moines	910 15th St.	Keystone 8121	Kansas City	101 W. 11th St.	Harrison 7122
Charlotte	1508 Liberty Life Bldg.	4-6254		1400 Walnut St.	2-0244	Little Rock	Woodrow & Roosevelt Rd.	5-2471

MONEY!

buy high - quality

Westinghouse

fluorescent lamps at

NEW LOW

NET PRICES

on quantity purchase

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

Westinghouse

CITY	ADDRESS	PHONE	CITY	ADDRESS	PHONE	CITY	ADDRESS	PHONE	CITY	ADDRESS	PHONE
Los Angeles	600 St. Paul Ave.		Newark	520 Ferry St.		Richmond	1120 E. Main St.	2-4750	San Francisco	430 Bush St.	Extbrook 2-5351
Louisville	332 W. Broadway		Oklahoma City	120 N. Robinson St.	7-1633	Roseme	Kirk Ave. & 1st St.	6753	Seattle	1200 Westlake Ave., N.	Garfield 2123
Memphis	130 Madison Ave.	6-2546	Omaha	117 N. 13th St.	8-738	Rochester	1048 University Ave.	Moore 1626	Spokane	1023 W. Riverside Ave.	Main 2794
Milwaukee	158 N. Broadway		Pasadena	114 Calhoun St.	8-533	Sacramento	729 14th St.	8-533	Springfield	26 Vernon St.	6-8373
Minneapolis	127 2nd Ave., N.	3-1471	Philadelphia	300 Walnut St.	Evergreen 2-1700	Saginaw	124 S. Jefferson St.	5-2413	Spartanburg	705 W. Geneva St.	7-1361
Nashville	2908 Woodman Dr.	9-9560	Pittsburgh	337 Blvd. of Allies	Atlantic 1-8600	St. Louis	411 N. 7th St.	Central 1120	Tampa	405 Wallace S. Bldg.	2-8298
New Haven	42 Church St.	5-3131	Pittsburgh	McKee & Leonard Sts.	Federal 1-9962	Salt Lake City	235 W. South Temple St.	5-2413	Washington, D. C.	1625 "K" St., N. W.	National 8843
New Orleans	238 So. Canby St.	Tulane 8831	Portland, Ore.	309 S. W. 6th Ave.	Alastair 9664	San Antonio	115 W. Travis St.	Garfield 5114	Wichita	201 S. Market St.	5-7631
New York	40 Wall St.	Whitehall 3-4321	Providence	51 Empire St.	Gaspee 1-0818	San Diego	861 6th Ave.	Main 2151	Wilkes-Barre	267 N. Pennsylvania Ave.	3-1146



**"that PX girl couldn't handle
the rush without *DIXIE CUPS*"**



"Dixie"
is a registered
trade mark of the
Dixie Cup Company

"The Post Exchange is a mighty busy place when the fellows pour in after the day's training. But she just keeps grabbing one fresh Dixie Cup after another, and pretty soon everybody's been served! Never has to waste time dishwashing, yet we all get good clean service."

4 tests to try during a new car demonstration



Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

1 GET A DEMONSTRATION of all three leading low-priced cars and put them all over the same bump—a good big one that you've selected in advance. We think you'll feel a great difference in the new Plymouth's "Safety-Flow Ride." This is a combination of several advanced engineering features, including the new Oriflow shock absorbers. The Oriflows give you *three times* the cushioning power of ordinary shock absorbers! They also control rebound and hold the car closer to a level plane than was ever possible before. It's a steady, safe, and wonderfully restful ride.



2 TRY A LINE-OF-SIGHT test like this, placing all three leading low-priced cars on the same spot. In the Plymouth you'll find that you can see more of the road—see it closest to the front of the car—a big help in traffic or parking. You'll like Plymouth's big, wide, 729-square-inch rear window, too.

3 IN A QUICK STOP, extra braking load is thrown upon the front wheels. Apply the brakes *several* times on a downgrade. Do you get the same kind of stop for the same pedal pressure each time? You will with a Plymouth. You see, Plymouth brakes have extra control—they have *four* hydraulic cylinders at the front wheels, where the other two leading low-priced cars have just two.



4 A TAPE MEASURE will show that Plymouth has the highest seats in the lowest-priced field. Plymouth's chair-height seats are more comfortable because they give your legs and back full support and let you sit up naturally. In shopping around, don't be reluctant to make measurements—or any other comparisons. It's your money—you be the judge! Your Plymouth dealer will be happy to co-operate. He'll arrange a demonstration if you'll phone or call. **PLYMOUTH** Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan.

Plymouth

I bumped into the Florist and knocked over a contract—



he taught me to
**Say it with
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE**

He was just coming out of his shop; I was running for a train. We both were shaken up.

I apologized by explaining that I'd missed the early train, and was bound to be late for a customer's sales meeting.

"Why don't you wire flowers?" he asked.
"They're sure to arrive on time . . . and there's no more graceful way to explain."

I did, and the customer loved it. Taught me something: the nicest way to ask for an order is to say it with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION,
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan



FLOWERS ARE BEAUTIFUL BUSINESS BUILDERS

On opening days • on anniversaries • on special events • as a "thank you" for the order • on almost any business occasion • for those at home when you're away.
You can wire flowers to anywhere . . . from anywhere . . . more than 15,000 F.T.D. and Interflora Member Shops at your service!

LETTERS

The West Point Dismissals

SIR:

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF VIOLATION OF THE HONOR CODE BY 90 CADETS U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY WAS A PROFOUND SHOCK TO US . . . MORE DEPLORABLE IS THE FACT THAT SUBJECT HAS BECOME CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE IN PRESS AND AMONG OUR PEOPLE. WHEN ISSUE OF VIOLATION OF HONOR CODE BECOMES OVERSHADOWED BY CONCERN OVER LOSS OF ATHLETIC STANDING, THE EVER-INCREASING APATHY TO NATIONAL MORAL TURPITUDE . . . BY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE [IS] ALARMING. [IN THE PAST] SOME CADETS FAILED TO LIVE UP TO RIGID REQUIREMENTS AND WERE QUIETLY DISMISSED, THE REST OF THE CORPS WENT ON TO GRADUATE AND SERVE OUR COUNTRY . . . NOT ALL WERE TO BECOME LEADERS OF THE CALIBER OF PERSHING, BRADLEY AND EISENHOWER, BUT ALL HAD ONE THING IN COMMON—A CODE OF HONOR . . . IT MAKES LITTLE DIFFERENCE WHETHER ONE OR 90 CADETS ARE INVOLVED; THE PRINCIPLE REMAINS THE SAME . . . THERE CAN BE NO ARGUMENT, NO INTERVENTION OR NO RECOURSE BUT IMMEDIATE DISMISSAL FOR THOSE VIOLATING THAT CODE.

COLONEL HOWARD REED ('31)
COLONEL FREDERICK TERRELL ('36)
OKINAWA

Sir:

. . . Any academic system giving identical exams to successive groups of students is not only lazy, but is naively begging and teasing its students into corrupting themselves . . . Such a code of honor is un-worthwhile and undesirable . . .

In Annapolis, we had no fetid code of honor, but enjoyed the more realistic system

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
August 27, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 9

TIME, AUGUST 27, 1951



Even last February and March, two tough winter months, Western Pacific led all other class 1 railroads in average freight train speed *



That's proof that Western Pacific can...and does...deliver the goods on time!



Just released by W.P. . . "Destination America", a fascinating new railroad movie. Write for descriptive booklet and for information about free showings. Dept. T, Western Pacific, 526 Mission St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

ROUTE OF THE VISTA-DOME CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR

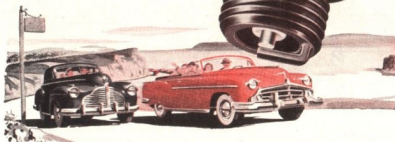
It's *Safer* to Drive
a Quick Responsive Car—

Get Dependable

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

For Powerful Acceleration!



BE A CHAMPION DRIVER

...Regular Spark Plug Service Insures Greater Driving Safety!



Gradual erosion of electrodes will alter recommended gap settings, resulting in unresponsive engine performance—noticeable most when you need peak performance most!

There's a positive safety factor in powerful acceleration—impossible without good spark plugs. That's why racing champions and commercial airlines nearly all use Champions!



Keep plugs efficient! Let your Champion dealer check and clean them every three or four thousand miles. It results in longer plug life, better performance and economy.



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Listen to CHAMPION ROLL CALL...Harry Warner's fast sportscast every Friday night, over ABC network

of breaking rules with risk of consequent punishment if caught. No classmate would report another classmate, but with all upper-classmen plus the officers of the executive department as a police force, only the first class was able to get by with very much. Infractions of the generally accepted moral code (including cheating) were held to a minimum by the general disdain of the regiment for such practices and any infraction of either the moral code or of major Academy regulations were reported even by classmates . . .

E. K. PERRYMAN JR.
Annapolis '45

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir:

Whether we like it or not, the West Point firing of 90 cadets has brought to a head the whole subject of football as it affects the universities all over the country.

Football has now reached a point where it can be considered a specialized profession and it should be taught and recognized as such in any educational institution that desires to include it in the curriculum. That would eliminate all of the undercover tactics and hypocrisy long connected with this important American sport.

HERMAN FOLKMAN

Chicago

Favors & Compromises

SIR:

AS A FENDERGAST DEMOCRAT, MR. TRUMAN FAVORS MR. TAFT, SO THE PAPERS SAY, AS REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE NEXT YEAR. AS AN UNPROFESSIONAL REPUBLICAN, I TAKE LEAVE TO FAVOR MR. TRUMAN AS THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE ON THAT SAME OCCASION.

IRA JEWELL WILLIAMS JR.

PHILADELPHIA

Sir:

I would like to suggest to both the Democrats and Republicans that they effect the following compromise:

Get rid of Secretary Acheson and Senator McCarthy.

SAM ROSEY

San Francisco

Portrait of the Artist

Sir:

For pure spite and undiluted malice, you would have to go far to beat your Aug. 6 article on Mario Lanza . . .

RAYMOND R. KISCH

New York City

Sir:

... May I, as an English housewife and not an American bobby-soxer, protest at such a spiteful letter? . . .

(MRS.) MARJORIE FEIGEN

London, England

Sir:

What you have done is monstrous.

LAURIE ZEITLIN
President

Mario Lanza Fan Club
Chicago Chapter

Sir:

Many thanks for the all-fracturing article, and for placing it in the Cinema section, not Music.

OTTO WITTENDORFER

Chicago

Sir:

... Egoist Lanza may be, but with a God-given voice like his, who cares? My wife, a former professional singer, gets goose pimples when we play his records . . .

FRED L. BEAMAN

Las Vegas, Nev.

TIME, AUGUST 27, 1951

Helping your doctor
help you—
the partnership between

Meat and Medicine

*Out of the partnership between the meat industry and medicine
come these (and many other) medicinal preparations*

Insulin—only substance known to medical science which can control diabetes.

ACTH—treatment of arthritis, severe asthma, and many other conditions.

Epinephrine—treatment of many allergic conditions such as asthma, low blood pressure, certain heart affections.

Liver Extract—treatment of pernicious anemia.

Fibrin Foam—controls bleeding during surgical operations.

Gastric Mucin—treatment of many stomach affections, notably peptic ulcer.

Thyroid Extract—treatment of depressed functioning of the thyroid gland (myxedema and cretinism).

Cholesterol—starting material for the preparation of many hormones.

Posterior Pituitary Extract—increases blood pressure during certain conditions of shock.

Bile Salts—treatment of gall bladder disturbances and abnormalities in fat digestion.

Rennet—aids in milk digestion.

As you know, meat animals are the source of many vital medicines. Every day these help save lives, restore health, relieve pain and battle disease for millions of people—perhaps even you, or one of your family.

To help make them, the meat packing industry has elaborate facilities for saving important by-products. Great discoveries have come, already, from the research partnership between the meat industry and medicine. The search is on for even *greater* things.

But *only* well established meat packers—the companies whose products you know so well—have the facilities to *save* and make available these by-products.

Price controls, possible rationing, etc., tend to divert meat into illegal channels, where there are no means of saving essential by-products; no facilities for research.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Sutures—widely used in surgery because they possess great strength; need not be removed since they are absorbed by the body.

Estrogenic Hormones—treatment of certain conditions arising out of the menopause.

Progesterone—treatment of threatened and habitual abortion, and in severe dysmenorrhea.

Dehydrocholic Acid—treatment of certain gall bladder disorders and abnormalities of bile flow.

Parathyroid Extract—treatment of tetany (severe involuntary muscle contraction) which follows removal of these glands.

Benzoinated Lard—widely used as a medicinal ointment base.

Diastase—aids in promoting starch digestion.

Lipase—aids in promoting fat digestion.

Trypsin—aids in promoting protein digestion.

Bone Marrow Concentrates—treatment of various blood disorders.

Suprarenal Cortex Extract—used in the treatment of Addison's Disease.

SHARPEST TV PICTURE



17-INCH RECTANGULAR TUBE



BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION



Model 17C110—\$379.95* (Incl. Fed. Excise Tax)

YOU'VE never seen TV so sharp! Look at this G-E picture—and believe your own eyes! Look at the detail—right to the very sides of the tube. Note the clarity even at arm's length! Now you can enjoy TV as TV should be—so bright you can watch it in a fully lighted room for greater eye comfort! Striking, hand-rubbed, genuine mahogany veneered cabinet. Concealed casters—no effort to move this set! Here is TV at its finest, made by a name you can always depend on—General Electric.

General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

*Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Slightly higher West and South.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Sir:

... Your exposé on Lanza will hardly delight the multitudes, but will be appreciated by those who still dare to maintain that there are ideals in music, too.

ROBERT K. FISSEL

Manheim, Pa.

Sir:

It seems to me the public's adulation of Mr. Lanza and other stage figures is indicative of a weakness in our democracy. The human race desperately needs objects and principles to believe in and worship. . . . Perhaps, if democracy could find some way to glamorize its better elements, the people wouldn't fall for so much that is trivial.

T. WHEELER JR.

Los Angeles

El Benefactor P.S.

Sir:

Kudos for a brave, succinct July 30 report of Santo Domingo groaning under Dictator Trujillo. I was in Port-au-Prince in 1938 when I heard of the incredible butchery of innocent Haitians. . . . I viewed the remains of hundreds of slain men, women and children at the uncharted Haiti-Santo Domingo border.

You have cleared up something that troubled me no end when I read the paid notices of the increased distribution of wealth and progress in Santo Domingo these days. I feared that might, having firmly seated itself, could displace democracy. Never . . .

HAROLD H. DAWSON

New York City

Sir:

I think it would be interesting to know what steps Dictator Trujillo took to suppress your damning sketch of him . . .

KENNETH GOW

Houston

Sir:

You may be no more amused than I was to hear that as a transit passenger on [al Pan American flight . . . I was searched in Ciudad Trujillo airport and my copy of TIME, July 30, taken away from me forcibly. I insisted on its return, calling the U.S. Embassy for help, and thus missed my plane to Curacao. After the ruckus was over, the magazine was returned to me . . .

Since a public complaint might do me harm in other police states, such as Colombia, Venezuela, Argentina, etc., please withhold my name.

NAME WITHHELD

Miami, Fla.

Beating the Gums

Sir:

TIME's Aug. 6 article, "How Are Your Teeth?" quotes Dr. Hans Neumann: "The chewing of pencils, leather, or pieces of wood by children should be regarded as a wholesome instinct . . ."

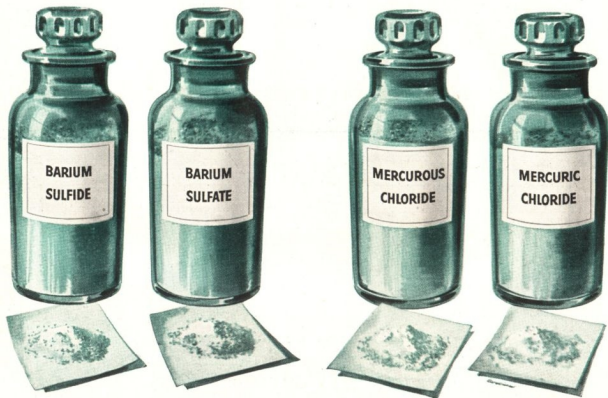
Abundant data compiled by dental researchers provide irrefutable evidence that the chewing of pencils, leather or pieces of wood by children leads to strain of the supporting bone and gum tissue. Initially, chewing on such objects may prove to be tissue stimulating, but eventually it leads to serious disorders such as recession of the gums, loosening of the teeth, gingivitis, pus pockets and gum boils. Such habits also tend to move and shift the teeth out of proper alignment, thus tilting and opening gaps between them . . .

T. E. J. SHANAHAN, D.D.S.

Chairman

Dental Information Bureau
New York City

TIME, AUGUST 27, 1951



Can you guess which are poisons ?

As you can see, the drugs in each pair have confusingly similar names. But in each pair, there is one poisonous drug and one that is relatively harmless.

Barium Sulfide is fatally poisonous when taken internally. Its principal use is in certain external applications.

Barium Sulfate is harmless. An insoluble, white substance, it is used as an aid in x-raying and fluoroscoping the digestive system.

Mercurous Chloride is the relatively safe compound of the other pair. It is occasionally prescribed in small doses as a laxative.

Mercuric Chloride is a violent poison if taken internally. It is used externally as a skin disinfectant.

Your pharmacist knows the actions, uses, and dosages of every drug he compounds on your doctor's prescriptions. For he is the legal custodian and dispenser of all drugs, including the most dangerous poisons and the most potent narcotics.

He comes by this public trust by virtue of his training and experience.

Thoroughly trained in his profession, thoroughly interested in you and in your community, your pharmacist is a man you can rely on.

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PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

Research and Manufacturing Laboratories, Detroit 32, Michigan

Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists. Since 1866 the company has been engaged continuously in a broad, active program of research, keeping pace with the constant changes and progress in medicine and surgery. Among the more than 1400 products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Antiseptics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings, and Vitamin Products.

NEWS CENTERS



■ TIME BUREAU

● TIME STRING CORRESPONDENT

○ PRESS SERVICE BUREAU



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

I have often reported to you on the work of TIME correspondents from Rangoon to Boston. This week I would like to show you on the accompanying map how they are spotted in the world's news centers. Twenty-seven news bureaus, all but three of them (Singapore, Beirut, Panama) permanent offices, are the bases from which 69 TIME correspondents range out to cover the most important stories. These correspondents supply the bulk of the material for any issue. Branching from this staff, sometimes reporting to it but more often reporting directly to the editors, is a network of 225 string correspondents (119 in the U.S.). They are mostly top journalists on local papers, and they keep the editors posted on events likely to make TIME stories, furnish the background necessary to evaluate spot news.

These 294 men and women file some 200,000 words (about equal to two copies of the *Iliad*) a week to New York, more than half of it by TIME's own teletype network. They also supply some 30,000 less urgent words a week by air mail reports, and select and mail uncounted other documents.

In addition to reports from its own correspondents, TIME gets seven-day-a-week newspaper teletype service from the Associated Press and the United Press. The press services also handle special queries when they have a man closer to a particular story. Through these two great organizations the work of 3,431 staff

correspondents and 32,400 stringers is available to TIME writers. (On this map a circle means that A.P. or U.P., often both have a bureau in the city indicated.) In addition to supplying added facts for many stories A.P. and U.P. are a sort of fire-warning net which, geared to newspaper and radio staffs around the world, spots fast-breaking news. In any one week only a small percentage of these men work for TIME, but without their help the magazine's coverage would not be what it is.

Any counting of correspondents tells only part of the story of information flowing into TIME. For instance the staff here requires some 6,350 copies of 120 U.S. and 30 foreign newspapers a week and 708 copies of 425 periodicals, from *Metronome* to *The Christian Century*. Another information channel: the 31 picture agencies (e.g., A.P., Acme, I.N.P., Wide World) which supply some 4,700 pictures a week. And backing up all reports is TIME's morgue-library, one of the world's greatest news files.

From such sources, along any cable not fully blocked by the Iron Curtain, flows the raw material for TIME. Out of this information (and their own backgrounds and skills) TIME's 64 writers and editors build TIME afresh for you each week.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



the one
for the road...



Here is firm friendly value... that gives you enduring road companionship... cross town or cross country... its road grip instantly serves your command to stop—start—or spurt ahead—its tread is a wear miser... its sidewalls cushion you in boundless ease

Nice words, but we hear even nicer from customers who choose Lees again and again. Best of all, new customers as well as old know they can have absolute confidence in their Lee Tires because we have—and we write that confidence in the Lee Guaranty. See your Lee dealer today... and read it.



LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION, CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

TIME, AUGUST 27, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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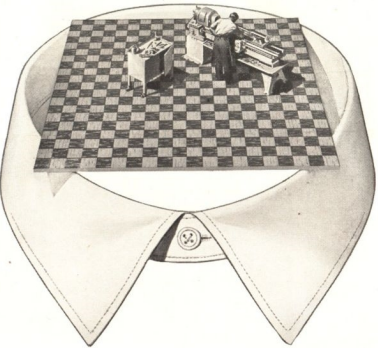
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Public Morals

The U.S. House of Representatives, whose members cannot be bought with mink coats, last week prostituted itself for the veterans' lobby. Everybody, as the saying goes, loves a soldier, and a Congressman yields to no man in showing how deep his love goes.

The U.S. (as it should) pays generous pensions to disabled veterans who can show that their disability is in some way connected with their military service. Recently, Congress passed a bill based on an entirely different principle. Under it, the Government would pay \$120 a month to certain disabled veterans whose disabilities are in no way connected with military service. This bill, which may some day cost the taxpayer \$400 million a year, was contrived by the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, of which Mississippi's John Rankin, a brazen spoilsman, is chairman.

Harry Truman vetoed the bill for what it was: a barefaced grab of public money. He said that veterans with disabilities not connected with military service should be cared for under measures that apply to the whole population, not merely to a special group. Truman is a politician, probably a candidate for re-election and, therefore, his stand against the veterans' lobby grab took a certain amount of moral courage.

Congress could have sheltered behind the President and quietly let the bill die. Instead, John Rankin's committee unanimously recommended that the bill be re-passed. Rapped the old demagogue: "I am unalterably opposed . . . to balancing the budget on the veterans."

The House re-passed the bill by the shocking majority of 318 to 45. The 318 included 166 members of Truman's party. It included 152 Republicans whose party is going to the people next year on a platform of economy and morality in Government. Harry Truman will be able to say that most of these Congressmen are liars and hypocrites when they babble about economy and public morality. There is no doubt that most of the men who voted for the veterans' grab know that the bill is a bad one; privately, many of them will admit it in so many words.

The U.S. this year is deeply worried about its moral climate (see below). Last week's cynical prostitution of the House of Representatives was a striking example of what ails the nation.

Right & Wrong

Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the *Cleveland Press*, probably knows his readers better and talks to them with more immediacy than any other leading U.S. newspaperman. Noting that the U.S. air of 1951 was saturated with moral scandal, moral doubt and moral confusion, Editor



John Zimmerman
RAIDER RANKIN
A barefaced grab.

Seltzer sat at his typewriter and, in 15 minutes, banged out an editorial that raised uncomfortable questions about the state of the U.S. at a moment of world responsibility. His piece touched a nerve: in the following week, 1,000 people had tried to reach him by phone or written him letters or stopped him on the street to talk about it. Forty publications have reprinted it. Seltzer's piece, titled *Can't We Tell Right From Wrong?*:

Some people think it dates back to the First World War . . .

There are those who think science and the assembly line started it as we turned into the 20th Century . . .

Some blame the philosophy of Sufficient Unto the Day Is the Evil Thereof,

induced by . . . depressions and wars . . .

The analysts whose job it is to examine our national behavior . . . do not agree among themselves.

About this, though, they do agree.

Something has happened to us as a people—something serious.

We have gained much in the last half-century.

We have lost something, also . . .

Has what we gained been more important than what we lost?

What is wrong with us? . . .

It is in the air we breathe. The things we do. The things we say. Our books. Our papers. Our theater. Our movies. Our radio and television. The way we behave. The interests we have. The values we fix.

We have everything. We abound with all of the things that make us comfortable. We are, on the average, rich beyond the dreams of the kings of old . . .

We lead in everything—almost.

Yet . . . something is not there that should be—something we once had . . .

Stalin, like Hitler, thinks we're soft, preoccupied with material things.

Are we our own worst enemies?

Should we fear what is happening among us more than what is happening elsewhere? . . .

Why has a moral deterioration set in among us that brings corruption, loose behavior, dulled principles, subverted morals, easy expediences, sharp practices? . . .

What corrupts our top people?

What has taken away the capacity for indignation that used to rise like a mighty wave and engulf the corruptors—the corruptors of public office, of business, of youth, of sports?

What is it? No one seems to know. But everybody seems to believe it is upon us. No one seems to know what to do to meet it. But everybody worries, as the father of a ten-year-old son, who this morning said:

"What do I do? I am concerned about my son. We try to teach him right from wrong. But the air is filled with today's easy interpretations of what is right and wrong" . . .

Maybe the farmer of years ago, looking with troubled eye at the skies upon which he depended so much for providential kindness, had a greater faith than we who rise vertically many miles into the air to find out what really goes on Up There . . .

THE CONGRESS

The Rains of Appropriations

Warned Senator Paul Douglas: "The rains of appropriations are beginning to descend. Pretty soon the waters of inflation—unless we do something to stop them—will burst upon the nation." Back in his old corner, the Illinois Senator was pleading once again for Government economy. He was talking in particular about a pork-laden Rivers and Harbors bill that was before the Senate, but he included all federal spending in his admonitions. According to Douglas' estimates, the Government may very well incur a "staggering deficit of \$19 billion" next year.

The Senate was not listening to Douglas. The House had already cut \$126 million out of the Administration's original budget request for rivers and harbors. After rejecting three amendments which would have shaved the bill \$25 million, the Senate passed it at more than \$500 million.

Other appropriation bills which had been held up by months of wrangling and were already six weeks overdue from the July 1 deadline began to spew out of the legislative machine. Congress passed and sent to the White House: \$6.1 billion for a score of independent Government agencies (e.g., RFC, TVA, VA), \$725 million for the Department of Agriculture, \$511 million for the Department of Interior, \$2.5 billion for the Labor Department and the Federal Security Agency.

The House, getting ready for two weeks' vacation, also passed a military and naval construction bill of \$5.7 billion—adding to the \$56 billion arms bill it had passed the week before. In the only impressive display of moneysaving, the House reduced the Administration's \$8.5 billion foreign aid bill by \$1 billion, sent it on to the Senate. This was the biggest cut in funds the House has made yet—and the most shortsighted in the Administration's view.

Total appropriations acted upon last week: almost \$24 billion.

THE PRESIDENCY

"McCarthyism" v. "Trumanism"

With a vehemence which he usually reserves for the political bear pits, Harry Truman last week turned the full weight of the presidency against "McCarthyism." He did not use the word, or mention the name of Wisconsin's Senator Joseph McCarthy; but in a full-dress speech dedicating the new Washington headquarters of the American Legion, Truman left no doubt that he thought "the smear technique" could be worked both ways.

"Americanism" is under attack, he declared, by people "who are loudly proclaiming that they are its chief defenders . . . They are trying to create fear and suspicion among us by the use of slander, unproved accusations and just plain lies . . . They are trying to get us to believe that our Government is riddled with Communism and corruption . . . These slander-mongers are trying to get us so hysteri-



John Zimmerman

McARTHUR
Speeches won't stop him.

cal that no one will stand up to them for fear of being called a Communist. Now this is an old Communist trick in reverse . . . That is not fair play. That is not Americanism."

Truman's statement (which was an old McCarthy trick in reverse) is certain to inflate "McCarthyism" as a national issue. What is it?

The Red Herring. In February 1950, Senator McCarthy made a speech at Wheeling, W.Va., in which he charged—without proof then or thereafter—that Dean Acheson knew of 205 Communists working in the State Department. It was not much of a speech, and McCarthy at that time was not a well known senator. Yet subsequent, and inconsistent, reiterations of that speech led to headlines throughout the nation. More significantly, McCarthy began to draw the intense interest of millions of Americans. Joe had stumbled onto something big. He is no man to let go of a political asset.

The essence of "McCarthyism" is not McCarthy's callous disregard for the truth. It is the thing he stumbled upon: a deep-seated public belief that Communists

did infiltrate the U.S. Government, influencing its policies to the detriment of the U.S. national security. This belief is founded on many facts known to the public before Joe McCarthy opened his big mouth at Wheeling.

The date of McCarthy's emergence is important to an understanding of "McCarthyism." Alger Hiss had been convicted two weeks before, and four days after the trial's end, Dean Acheson made his statement: "I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss."

Throughout the investigation of Communists in Government, Truman, Acheson & Co. gave the impression that they thought the whole thing was nonsense. Truman called the Hiss case "a red herring." To this day, neither Truman nor Acheson has ever expressed a sense of outrage over Reds in Washington comparable to the indignation that Truman last week poured on Joe McCarthy.

The Red Afterglow. When the public read the evidence in the Hiss case and other revelations made around that time, it did not think that all the accusations about Communism were nonsense. It expected some housecleaning—or at least an official admission that the house had been a bit dirty. Truman stubbornly continued to resist such suggestions. When Acheson made his smug statement on Hiss, he set up the pins for McCarthy.

The policy of pretending that Communist influence on the Government didn't exist can be called "Trumanism." It is the real father of "McCarthyism."

"McCarthyism" is not going to be stopped by Truman speeches or by the witch-hunting of witch-hunters, or by proving that McCarthy is a slippery character and no gentleman. "McCarthyism" is going to be around until Harry Truman, the President of the U.S., eliminates from U.S. foreign policy the tendency to appease Communism. This tendency is the red afterglow of Communists in & around the Government. It keeps "McCarthyism" bright & shining.

MACARTHUR HEARINGS

What Eight Republicans Found

The eight weeks of MacArthur hearings produced 2,045,000 words of testimony, bales of supplementary documents and plenty of contradictions. Last week Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, who had presided over the long sessions of the Joint Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committee, announced that the committee had voted to leave things just that way. The committee would issue no formal report, said Russell, although individual members could present their own views. His reason: "To renew a bitter discussion of methods for waging war as advocated by General MacArthur would not help successful conclusion of a cease-fire or the signing of a Japanese peace treaty at San Francisco."

Eight Republicans, who had asked Administration witnesses some thorny questions during the hearings, this week re-

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 315 more U.S. casualties (including 58 killed in action) in Korea. The smallest weekly casualty list of the war, it brought total U.S. losses to 79,397 men. The breakdown:

DEAD	13,501
WOUNDED	55,122
MISSING	10,615
CAPTURED	159

Total casualties by services: Army, 64,721; Marine Corps, 13,062; Navy, 938; Air Force, 676.

leased a 52-page report giving their conclusions. The signers were New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley, New Jersey's Alexander Smith, Iowa's Bourke B. Hickenlooper, California's William Knowland, Washington's Harry P. Cain, Maine's Owen Brewster and Vermont's Ralph Flanders. Their findings:

¶ General MacArthur never violated military directives, was always substantially in agreement with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. His removal was legal, but Harry Truman's method was "ill advised," and the reasons given were "utterly inadequate to justify the act."

¶ Secretary of State Acheson "did not answer frankly and fully reveal the information requested of him." The record indicates that "under his guidance, the objective of American foreign policy has been primarily to conciliate certain of our associates in the United Nations, rather than to advance the security of the U.S."

¶ Defense Secretary Marshall "defended the many administration policies, in the formulation of which he had presumably played a part." He seemed peculiarly "uninformed" and inclined to shunt many of the questions to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who sometimes seemed embarrassed by the chore of supporting him.

¶ "The Administration's Far East policy has been a catastrophic failure . . . the most desolate . . . in the history of our foreign policy . . ." Notable exception: Japan, where General MacArthur was in charge. The Administration has been "unduly preoccupied with the defense of America in Europe, to the neglect of the defense of America in Asia . . . It is unfortunate, but true, that the State Department has been affected by a group who have interpreted Asiatic problems to the advantage of Russia rather than that of the United States . . . The truth about the pro-Communist State Department group has not yet been revealed."

¶ Suppression of the 1947 Wedemeyer Report (advocating support for the Chinese Nationalists, a U.N. trusteeship to keep Manchuria out of Communist control) was a "tragic error"—particularly the section predicting an attack in Korea.

¶ State Department policies lost China to the Communists. "The myth that China fell because the Chinese troops refused to fight is again refuted by sworn testimony . . . Effective military aid . . . might have defeated the Communists." Dean Acheson's claim that the Administration supported the Chiang Kai-shek government belies the facts. Some U.S. officials were so opposed to Chiang that "they were automatically on the side of the Red regime," and should be investigated. If the Chiang government was, in some instances, corrupt and decadent, "certainly there can be no greater corruption than that found in the Communist world wherein whole nations are forcibly brought to slavery." Added footnote: "Deep freeze, pastel mink, RFC and organized crime and dope would furnish ample material for a Chinese writer to

discuss corruption in some other quarter."

¶ In its secret directive, issued Dec. 23, 1949, on Formosa, the State Department helped "to prepare the way for the abandonment of Formosa to the Chinese Reds . . . No matter how the directive is explained, it reflects little credit to the honor and dignity of the United States."

¶ The U.S. backed the Administration's decision to fight in Korea because it thought there was a competent military plan of strategy. There was none. The "only one positive plan for victory in the Korean war" was Douglas MacArthur's.

¶ "We are unable to comprehend why the Administration [refused] the offer of 33,000 fighting men [for Korea] advanced by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek."

¶ "Any peace short of the liberation and unification of Korea is a delusion. Any settlement at the 38th parallel is a Chinese Communist victory."

decision that all wages may now be tied to the cost-of-living index.

Months ago, Johnston and his highly movable stabilizers let wages break through the original ceilings of last January. Congress, in turn, when it wrote its control bill, permitted manufacturers and farmers to boost prices to make up for increased labor costs. In last week's decision, Johnston gave the upward spiral another shove. On the basis of the present consumer's price index, all workers may demand an immediate 2% boost.

POLITICAL NOTES

Vacation Spoiled

Smiling Bill Boyle, the Democratic national committee chairman, rolled into California last week in happy anticipation. The hooting about his using his influence to get RFC loans had all but quieted



CHAIRMAN BOYLE (AT THE TOM-TOM) & SECRETARY KIMBALL
After the jamboree, a jam.

¶ The MacArthur hearings were in the public interest, forced the State Department to make "a major shift" in foreign policy. "The ground swell of American public opinion, which expressed itself in one of the greatest floods of spontaneous correspondence which has ever descended upon the legislative and executive branch of the government, required the State Department to alter policies which were disapproved by the public."

THE ECONOMY

Wages Up

When Congress passed the Defense Production Act last month, Chief Stabilizer Eric Johnston solemnly prophesied that the cost of living would soar anywhere from 5% to 8% in the next year. Last week Johnston himself took a step toward making his gloomy warning come true: he approved a Wage Stabilization Board's

down, and here he was in the sunshine. There would be just enough politics mixed with vacation to add the spice a politician needs. Then the lid came off with the shaker, and Boyle got enough spice to make him gag.

On the day he arrived, the James Roosevelt left wing of the California Democratic Party rushed through the Democratic State Executive Committee a resolution endorsing Harry Truman for reelection. That sounded pretty good to Boyle, so he trotted off to a jamboree sponsored by the left wing. There he posed for pictures beating a tom-tom, Le-side Navy Secretary Dan A. Kimball, who was wearing a gay Indian headgear. Conspicuously absent from the happy throng were Oilman Ed Pauley and Rancher George Luckey, two of the wealthiest Democrats in California. Pauley and Luckey had been good & true friends of Harry Truman in 1948, when Jimmy Roosevelt

was trying to dump Truman and stampee the Democrats to Eisenhower.

The Pauley-Luckey right wing, fighting the Roosevelt crowd, was planning its own big jamboree in October, at which it hoped to raise \$200,000. If Boyle insisted on recognizing the Roosevelt wing, Pauley-Luckey men might keep their checkbooks closed. Luckey voiced a thinly veiled threat that sounded more like the call of a banker than a rancher. Said he: "It's going to be hard to raise funds if we have to use the left-wingers for collateral." Stephen L. Wells, Truman's 1948 campaign director in Southern California, was more explicit: "We will either set up our own machinery . . . or take a walk."

Since Truman in 1948 had only a narrow (17,865) margin of victory in California, this threat took the sunshine out of Bill Boyle's heart. His golf game suffered as he stuck close to a telephone, trying to reach Rancher Luckey. Boyle kept getting the answer that Luckey was "busy."

Varieties of No & Maybe

Infinite are the varieties of *yes*, no and *maybe* that can be uttered by prospective presidential candidates. Last week brought from Prospective Candidate Harry Truman a *maybe* shading slightly toward a *yes*, and from Prospective Candidate Paul Douglas the year's solistest *no*.

Informed that his name will be entered in next year's Democratic primary in Minnesota by petition (the candidate's consent is not required), Truman replied to Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey: "Thank you." When he was told that he will be placed in the Oregon primary by petition, he said nothing.

When Illinois' Senator Douglas was informed that petitions were being circulated to put him in the Oregon race against Truman, he sent a wire asking his friends to desist. Then Douglas tried for a 100% *no*. On a nationwide radio hookup, he said: "I will have to do the Sherman* and say that I would not run if nominated, I would not serve if elected . . . and I am no more a candidate for the vice presidency than I am for the presidency."

LABOR

Yankee Discrimination

The Connecticut Commission on Civil Rights ordered Hartford Local 35 of the powerful International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (A.F.L.) to admit two Negroes who had applied for membership. Pointing out that no Negroes had ever been admitted to the union, the commission said: "The union has given preference to sons and other relatives of members. The inbreeding which such nepotism nurtures may discriminate against some white persons, but Negroes are thereby excluded from membership absolutely."

* In 1864, General William Tecumseh Sherman wrote: "If forced to choose between the penitentiary and the White House for four years, I would say the penitentiary, thank you." In 1884, he wired the Republican National Convention at Chicago: "I will not accept if nominated, and will not serve if elected."

ARMED FORCES

The Case of the Missing Major

On the Italian front in December 1944, word reached OSS headquarters in Siena that Major William V. Holohan, chief of a secret mission far behind the German lines, had disappeared; the Army marked him down as one more brave man lost in the service of his country. Last week, 6½ years later, the Defense Department explained Major Holohan's disappearance: it was cold-blooded murder by four of his subordinates. The Defense Department's story was backed up point by point by the confessions of three of the accused men and by the recovery of Holohan's poisoned and bullet-riddled body. The fourth man, Lieut. Aldo Icardi, called the



HOLOHAN

To Switzerland without shoes.

ringleader in the plot by the other three, flatly denied his guilt, stuck to his story that the major had died at the hands of German and Fascist troops.

The case took interest and importance from the fact that Holohan's death resulted in North Italian Communists' getting thousands of guns which backed their bid for political control of the area after the war. Some of these arms are still turning up when police raid the secret arsenals of the underground Communist army.

And the case took a horrifying piquancy from the fact that the U.S. Government accused two U.S. soldiers of murdering their superior officer; yet, the Government suppressed the facts for months, and now says it cannot legally prosecute the men whom it accuses.

Hide & Seek. In September 1944, while Allied armies inched painfully up the Italian boot, three Americans from the U.S. Office of Strategic Services parachuted down on Mt. Mottarone in northern Italy, 100 miles beyond the battle lines. Big cargo chutes floated down arms and a

powerful radio. Their mission, which bore the code name "Chrysler," was to make arrangements with partisan groups—Communists, Socialists, Catholics, independents—for the supply of arms. The U.S. recognized the value of partisans who killed Germans behind the lines, but some U.S. officials also realized that certain of the partisans were more interested in fighting for the postwar control of the area. Holohan saw his job as getting U.S. arms to those who were killing Germans.

"Chrysler's" team was ill assorted: Holohan, 40, was a big (6 ft. 2 in.) stony-faced bachelor, a lawyer by profession and a peacetime cavalry officer in the Reserves; Icardi, 23, was a slim, daring, bright-eyed young University of Pittsburgh law student; the third American dropped on Mt. Mottarone was Sergeant Carl G. LoDolce, 22, their quiet, plodding radioman, a factory worker before the war. Of the three, only Lieut. Icardi spoke the dialect of the province.

Partisans met them when they hit the ground. There were handshakes, proud speeches by the partisans, quiet replies from the Americans. Then with their guides, the Chrysler mission moved off into the darkness.

For more than two months, they roamed the hills around Lake Orta, 45 miles northwest of Milan, checking on partisan groups, radioing back coded reports to OSS headquarters in Siena, always playing a nerve-racking hide & seek with the enemy. One night, they lay flattened out in a rain-swept field listening to Nazi convoys splashing down the road 100 yards away; for several days, they were hidden in a church altar vault while German troops camped below.

The Villa by the Lake. The team found a good hideout, a vacant, 22-room villa, screened by trees on the west shore of Lake Orta. From there, the Chrysler mission asked Siena for its first airdrop. Two Army C-47s flew over, dumped out cascades of mortars, rifles, Tommy guns and ammunition. Holohan had arranged that this first drop was to go to non-Communists. Instead, the Communists tried to grab the arms. Holohan was furious, but agreed to a meeting with the Red leader. The man he faced was Vincenzo Moscattelli, now a member of the Italian Senate.

After his brush with Moscattelli, Holohan resolved to order no more arms drops until he was quite sure into whose hands they would fall. Icardi disagreed with this cautious policy, and the issue sharpened a growing conflict between the two men. Holohan, cold and curt, puttered around the villa. Icardi, daring and adventurous, liked to get around the countryside, turn up at bars and dances. Holohan insisted that the mission follow orders to wear U.S. uniforms, so that if captured they could not legally be executed as spies.

Up to this point, the story of danger, difficulty and friction can be matched by dozens of others in the secret annals of operations behind enemy lines. The account of what happened next is drawn from the confessions of three men, confes-

sions believed by the Italian police and the U.S. Defense Department.

Lieut. Icardi told Sergeant LoDolce that the trigger-happy Communists were losing patience with the mission. If it were not for the major, the mission could forget about politics, start sending back vital military information and getting weapons that would save thousands of American lives. Icardi spoke of sending Holohan "to Switzerland without his shoes"—a partisan expression meaning to kill him.

The idea grew. Icardi and LoDolce talked it over with their two partisan attendants, a slim, wiry workman named Guiseppe Manini, and a slow-witted peasant by the name of Gualtiero Tozzini, known as "Pupo," the baby.

Cyanide in the Soup. The major liked *minestrone*. On the night of Dec. 6, Tozzini fixed a big pot of the soup. Holohan sat down with his back to the stove, and Manini slipped potassium cyanide into Holohan's bowl. Holohan took a few spoonfuls. The soup burned, he said. The major doggedly ate on, said that he felt sick, and reeled upstairs to vomit.

Sitting before the fireplace, Icardi and LoDolce decided not to take a chance on the poison. They tossed a coin. LoDolce lost. He was handed a 9-mm. Beretta automatic, and crept up the stairs. The others followed behind. LoDolce shoved open the door. "What's the matter?" asked Holohan, sitting up in bed. LoDolce fired two shots into the major's head.

The murderers worked swiftly. While Icardi wrapped a towel around Holohan's head to stop the blood, the two partisans

slipped the body of Major William V. Holohan into the icy waters of Lake Orta.

Icardi took command of the Chrysler mission, radioed back that Holohan had been lost in an enemy attack. Between then and the end of the war, 50 airdrops floated down on the Orta district. During that period, LoDolce had a nervous breakdown and was smuggled out to Switzerland.

After the war, the OSS and the Army began a routine investigation of Major Holohan's disappearance, officially listed him as killed in action.

The First Confessions. One man did not accept the story of William Holohan's death. His brother, Joseph R. Holohan,* 51, a Wall Street stockbroker, kept looking for more details. He met Icardi after the war, and heard a plausible story of the Nazi attack in which the major was supposedly lost. Icardi showed him a picture of the Chrysler mission team, offered to go back to Italy with him sometime to find the body. Still Joe Holohan was not satisfied. He wanted to find his brother's body. He wrote letters to the OSS, the Army, to Italian partisans and Italian police.

In January 1949, a young Italian *carabiniere* named Lieut. Elio Albiéri, commanding the Arona station near Lake Orta, became interested in the case. He questioned the Chrysler mission's two helpers. In March 1950, Tozzini, caught in contradictions, confessed first. Manini confirmed him in almost every detail.

In June, Albiéri grieved for Major Holohan's body. At the exact spot pointed out by the two partisans, his net hauled up a heavy bundle. Inside, preserved by cold lake water, was the body of Major Holohan, two bullets from a 9-mm. Beretta in his skull, traces of cyanide in his intestines. Tozzini confessed the name of the man to whom he had sold the pistol. It was found. The bullets that killed Holohan had been fired from it.

In Rochester, N.Y., the Army's Criminal Investigation Division and local police picked up Carl LoDolce, who now has a pretty wife, two children, and a job as an engineer. He denied everything. After a lie-detector test showed him nervous, he confessed. His story jibed with the one told by Manini and Tozzini.

Hints & Repudiations. At that point, amazingly, U.S. investigation seems to have stopped. In Washington, the Judge Advocate General's office told Army investigators that the two Americans, LoDolce and Icardi, could not be tried by a military court because they had been discharged from the Army. Since the crime was committed outside the U.S., no civil court could try them. (This mile-wide loophole has since been plugged, but the law is not retroactive.)

Lieut. Icardi, after the war, finished law school at the University of Pittsburgh, went to Peru for further legal study, several months ago returned to the U.S., and was working for Pan-American Grace Air-

ways in New York when the case broke last week. After the three confessions naming him had been made, he was never officially questioned about the case. In the past year, stories of how Holohan died appeared in the Italian press, and there were a very few incomplete hints in the U.S. press. But the details might never have been told if *True* magazine had not



George Icardi

ICARDI
A mile-wide loophole.

got on the scent, pulled the story together. Last week, when an advance copy of *True* reached Washington, the Defense Department dashed into print with a story it could bottle up no longer.

The Rochester police then made public LoDolce's year-old confession. Last week he partially repudiated the confession, saying that it was "incomplete" and adding, "The facts will prove that I am completely innocent." Icardi coolly stuck to his original story. Said he: "Major Holohan disappeared . . . I am the victim of enemies in Italy . . . The whole 'cloak & dagger' story is untrue."

Manini and Tozzini are awaiting trial in Italy, and last week the Italian government considered asking that LoDolce and Icardi be extradited from the U.S. to be tried with them.

Whereupon Icardi made a point which, whether he is guilty or innocent, has considerable force. Said he: "It is unthinkable that an American espionage agent should be brought to trial by the very enemy against which he fought." Icardi said that he would fight extradition, but was ready and eager to stand trial in a U.S. court. He even offered to go back into the Army to make that possible. The Government, however, still said that no U.S. court could try him, even if he went back into the Army.

There this week, as Bill Holohan's body came home for burial, stood the strange case of the missing major.



Associated Press

LODOLCE
A pot of minestrone.

wrapped the body in a sleeping bag, stuffed in the major's clothes and guns, and lugged their burden down to the lake. Manini had a boat waiting. The partisans weighted the bag with a stone and shoved off. About 100 yards from shore, they

* The names are spelled differently because of a mixup in school records.

Antiquated National Guard

The proud old 31st National Guard ("Dixie") Division thinks that it is getting rough treatment from the Pentagon. The division was recruited in Alabama and Mississippi with the slogan "Fight Together—Fight with Your Buddies." It had barely begun training this year at Fort Jackson, S.C. when the Army took 4,300 men from the division, put them in other outfits as replacements. Last week, rumors were flying that a second, even heavier, levy was in the works.

Angry cries of protest sounded throughout Alabama and Mississippi. The 31st's commander, Major General Alexander G. Paxton, announced that morale and training had "hit a new low." Alabama's fat and usually jovial Representative Frank Boykin boiled up, introduced in Congress a sweeping resolution designed to stop the Army from breaking up National Guard divisions. Among its provisions: "In any case where a division of the . . . National Guard shall have been ordered into the active military service of the United States, no unit or component of such division shall be separated, detached, or otherwise removed from the jurisdiction of such division."

Boykin's bill, if made law, would destroy whatever usefulness the National Guard may still have for the Army.

For years, U.S. military men have been dead set against forming combat divisions on a regional basis, partly because the impact of casualties on a specific locality can have a shattering effect on civilian and military morale. Best known example: whole towns in New Mexico and Wisconsin went into mourning when National

Guard units largely recruited in those states were lost on Bataan when the Japanese attacked in 1942.

Boykin's bill will probably die in committee. What will not die is the issue his bill raised: if men are recruited and organized on a fight-with-your-buddies basis, then morale is bound to plummet when the Army, for one excellent reason or another, breaks up the regional divisions. Until the Defense Department finds the courage to stand up to the politically powerful National Guard Association, U.S. defense is going to waste billions of dollars and much precious manpower on an antiquated and disruptive form of military organization.

HIGHWAYS

Bridge In

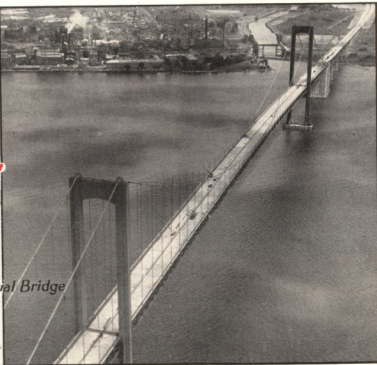
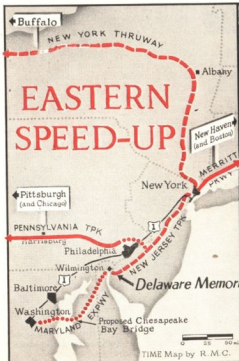
In a hot morning mist last week, a delegation from New Jersey, headed by Governor Alfred Driscoll, drove slowly across the two-mile length of the new Delaware Memorial Bridge. Delaware's Governor Elbert Carvel was waiting at Pigeon Point, just below Wilmington on the Delaware side. After appropriate speeches and snipping of ribbons, the long lines of waiting trucks and cars started across the \$44 million span. Within 24 hours, 20,000 paid toll to bypass the tedious old New Castle-Pennsville ferry; they saved an average two hours on the Jersey route between New York and points south.

To highway planners, the Delaware Memorial Bridge stood for something more exciting than statistics: it is one more completed, solid link in a plan to unsnarl the major postwar highway problems of the northeastern U.S. By Novem-

ber, if all goes well, the new \$250 million New Jersey Turnpike will siphon the outpouring of trucks and cars from New York, run them across the Jersey meadows and farmlands at 60 to 70 m.p.h., and spill them out on the new Delaware bridge in half the time of today's routes. From there, in mid 1952, southbound motorists should be able to bypass Baltimore by cutting through the Eastern Shore of Maryland, crossing the Chesapeake near Annapolis, on a four-mile bridge already begun. This will slice running time between New York and Washington to 4½ hours instead of the present seven.

By 1953, cars and trucks heading west may leave the Jersey Turnpike, cross the Delaware north of Philadelphia to reach the eleven-year-old Pennsylvania Turnpike. Once across Pennsylvania, they may be able to cut westward to Chicago without intersection or stop sign along new expressways planned for northern Ohio and Indiana. At its northern end, the Jersey Turnpike will link with the high-speed New York State Thruway, already under construction between Manhattan, Buffalo and the Pennsylvania border. With another twist of a cloverleaf, it can join New York's present parkway system into New England, zip up Connecticut's Wilbur Cross Parkway. Massachusetts is now a bad spot, but it is planning an expressway which will link lower New England with the Maine and New Hampshire expressways.

Construction of U.S. highways is miles behind the outpouring of trucks and cars from Detroit, but in the heaviest-traveled, worst-tangled section of the nation, one bridge at least, has been crossed, and a lot of relief for traffic congestion is in sight.



INVESTIGATIONS

Old Pal O'Dwyer

U.S. Ambassador to Mexico William O'Dwyer is probably the only well-known diplomat in the world who regularly finds it necessary to insist that he is 1) a poor and 2) an honest man. So many firemen, cops, politicians and Old Pals dealt in skulduggery during his years as mayor of New York that O'Dwyer is continually being asked embarrassing questions about his relations with them. Last week the Kefauver committee reversed the process, called in Old Pal Irving Sherman and asked him why he had been so chummy with the mayor.

Shirts off. Sherman is a big, tanned, affable promoter who has also maintained palship with several big U.S. hoodlums and has been accused of acting as a link between underworld big shots, politicians and businessmen. (Although never convicted, J. Edgar Hoover once called him "one of the most prominent [U.S.] criminals.") Last week, however, Sherman remained unabashed by these hard names. He described himself as a simple businessman, and spoke of O'Dwyer as an ingrate.

Sherman told the committee that he knew O'Dwyer when the ambassador was a major in the Army Air Forces, decided he was "a real nice man" and resolved to help his political career. On 15 occasions, O'Dwyer and Sherman registered together at a Washington hotel.

Sherman tried to get pro-Communist Congressman Vito Marcantonio to back his new friend. The three of them, he recounted, once met at the Maryland farm of one Julius Lulley, proprietor of Harvey's Restaurant in Washington. "Lulley had a bar," Sherman recalled sentimentally, "and we sat around [it] a bit and then . . . O'Dwyer and Marcantonio went out into the garden . . . and took their shirts off and even got to singing together . . ." The duet did not become political. "While the Little Flower [Fiorello LaGuardia] lives, I will be for him and with him. If he don't [run], then you and I can get together," Marcantonio told O'Dwyer.

Heat On. When O'Dwyer ran for mayor in 1945, Sherman raised about \$6,000 for the campaign. A few weeks before election day, a detective sidled up and said: "The general would like you to leave town, and he would like you to leave immediately." Sherman said the detective told him of an impending "terrible blast" (about O'Dwyer's 1942 meeting with Gambler Frank Costello, which Sherman attended) in the newspapers.

Sherman skipped. But when he returned to New York, he told the committee with a prodigious sigh, O'Dwyer refused to see him. Once they met at a policeman's funeral on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. They shook hands warmly. When they parted, one of Sherman's detective friends came up to him and said: "What are you so friendly with that guy for? He's tapping your telephone." Sherman could hardly believe it. "We're not friendly now, Senator," he told the committee.



Ed Coriwell—Graphic House
IRVING P. KRICK
Little heed for infidels.

Sherman's tale seemed calculated to please almost everybody: it gave O'Dwyer's critics a chance to fire a few more shots; it gave O'Dwyer's friends a chance to cry that he was a dove who had attacked at least one of the blackbirds who had insisted on flying formation on him, and gave the committee a chance to check off a bit of unfinished business. Sherman, in the role of cast-off friend, seemed pleased, too.

CRIME

How to Buy a Bank

In the industrial town of New Kensington, Pa. last week, an almost classic example of bank embezzlement came to light: Bank President Ludwig R. Schlekut confessed that he had swiped \$600,000 of the passbook holders' money.

His institution, the Parnassus Bank, was the oldest in town (pop. 25,226), and Schlekut was so quiet, so respectable, so trusted by the public that any experienced bank examiner would have found both the crime and the criminal familiar to the point of triteness. Grey-haired, spectacled "Luddy" Schlekut, a local boy of good upbringing, started at the bank soon after he got out of high school. He worked hard, married a nice girl, sired two nice children, bought a nice house, went to the First Evangelical Lutheran Church regularly, joined the Lions Club and the Chamber of Commerce.

Even the slip that undid him had a familiar ring: the examiners found a notation of cash supposedly on hand: \$719,000. They counted the money and found only \$119,000. But they could not discover why Schlekut had stolen \$600,000. There was no woman in the case, no race-track gambling, no wild parties. Then the bank's former president, Charles C. Alter, described his own retirement to the exam-

iners. A New Kensington real-estate man (now dead) had approached him four years ago on behalf of two "Ohio businessmen," H. A. McDevitt and J. H. McKeown, and offered \$254,000 for 540 shares of the bank's 750 shares of stock. He had accepted, and Schlekut, although only an assistant cashier at the time, had been elected president by the new stockholders.

This tale led to the revelation of an eminently novel twist. Investigation proved that neither H. A. McDevitt nor J. H. McKeown had ever existed except in Schlekut's imagination: he had stolen the bank's money to buy the bank.

WEATHER

Milkman of the Skies

The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Inc. last week broke off its calculated yearning for the misty past to combat what seemed like an unbearably rainy future. Fearful that a Denver "carnival of harmony" would get washed out, the S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. went into district court and asked that Dr. Irving P. ("The Rainmaker") Krick be forced to turn off his baleful ring of cloud-seeding machines surrounding the city.

The singers withdrew the suit when Krick, an affable and convincing talker, assured them that it probably wouldn't rain anyhow. (Krick insists that he is only a sort of meteorological dairy hand who can only milk, not create, clouds.) But the incident dramatized the fact that Krick, almost overnight, has become one of the West's most controversial characters and that for better or for worse, rainmaking has come to stay.

Krick's method uses coke-burning generators which send silver-iodide particles skyward to increase precipitation. His theories of weather forecasting and rainmaking have been opposed by the U.S. Weather Bureau, Physicist Irving Langmuir, who started cloud seeding, and many another scientist.

On the other hand, enraged sections of the citizenry at large think Krick's methods are all too effective. They blame him for rained-out ball games, flash floods, dry spells, chicken-killing hailstorms, and all manner of crop damage. Beyond issuing a few over-the-shoulder rejoinders (sharp to the scientists, soothing to the citizenry), he pays little heed to such infidels, and goes on about his missionary work like Billy Graham gathering converts.

This month—only 13 months after his first commercial rainmaking job—he is employing a staff of 120 people, and has contracts to seed clouds over 330 million acres west of the Missouri River (an area ten times as big as New York State), plus sections of Mexico and San Salvador. This, he intimates happily, is only a beginning—he visualizes a time when a rancher may need only turn a dial in his house to regulate rainfall on his acres. But until that day comes, the West will have to do the best it can with plain old Krick water.

NEWS IN PICTURES



RACING PIGEONS, 4,700 of them, saw their chance and took it: five days after they set sail from London's Battersea Park for Belgian homeland 140 miles away, not a single one had been heard from.



"PEACE DOVES," Kremlin's favorite propaganda gimmick,



TRAINING MANEUVERS in South turned grimly realistic when $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. TNT charge, which drifted from position, was accidentally

detonated beneath an assault boat of 47th National Guard Division. Most serious injury: man whose legs show at top had broken back.

David Gleeson—U.S. Army



International

flapped through their paces at huge East Berlin Red rally. One million youths took an oath to sabotage rearmament of Western democracies.



TV RELAY TOWER, near Salt Lake, is one of 107 in A.T. & T.'s \$40,000,000 coast-to-coast system to be inaugurated on Sept. 4.



Sovfoto

RED AVIATION DAY: Billowing chutes at Moscow's Tushino airfield showed paratroop striking force to back Russian jet power.



International

FAROUK'S BODYGUARD (left), winner over 20 greased Channel swimmers, refused \$2,800 prize because of press attacks on King.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

The Round Table

In sweltering Kaesong, Admiral Joy played a card from a new deck. Since the truce talks had long been deadlocked on the issue of a cease-fire line, he suggested last week that the matter be turned over to a subcommittee—one delegate from each side, with assistants. They could meet informally around a table—rather than facing across table in stiff two-sided array. There would be no stenographers' reports, no press briefings on the progress of the subcommittee, and a bare minimum of newsmen in Kaesong. There would be every reason to get down to business, and no further need for what Matt Ridgway

sometimes talking at once, which was a refreshing change from the stiff silences and the set speeches of the plenary sessions. When the meeting was over, General Hodes allowed himself to be photographed with his arm around North Korea's complainant Lee.

Impressed by Admiral Joy's immovability at the full-dress councils, the Peking radio had taken to calling him "Stonewall Joy." Also from the Communist radio came the first hints of a compromise. Their position was "not inflexible," the Reds said: "adjustments" were possible and the "first steps" toward peace had been taken. Presumably these adjustments meant that the Chinese would abandon their insistence on a 38th parallel cease-fire line, and

spite U.N. air, artillery, tank and naval gunfire, U.N. officers described it as a limited offensive "to straighten our lines and to prevent the enemy from observing the positions we currently hold." Another theory: that it was designed to impress Communists at Kaesong with what will come if peace talks fail.

DANGER ZONES

Roundup Time

For a government that had to fight down a Communist insurrection only three years ago, Indonesia seemed unduly complacent about the Reds in its midst, growing strong again. But the inexperienced Indonesians had their eye too much on their late masters, the Dutch, to suspect the greater, and closer, danger.

One of the leading agitators of the 1948 Communist revolt was an unsavory little Chinese gambler named Wang Jen-shu, then 39, author of a pamphlet titled "How to Overthrow the Present Government and Achieve a Communist State." Last year, Wang came back to Indonesia as Red Chinese ambassador. He set about importing professional organizers (as part of his embassy staff), reviving the native Communist Party, building up what neighboring governments regard as Communist headquarters for Southeast Asia.

What finally woke up the trusting Indonesians was a raid in force one night early this month on police stations in Tanjon Priok, Jakarta's vital port area. It was carried out by 100 terrorists, carrying red flags and wearing hammer & sickle armbands incongruously decorated with the Picasso "dove of peace." They were after arms. After an all-night fight, they were finally beaten back.

Armed at last, police began a sweep of Communist areas, arrested more than 1,000 suspects throughout the country. Last week, roundups reached the capital—and the top. In the early morning hours, police and MPs filtered along Jakarta's dusty, canal-lined streets, calling at the homes of Red-dominated Labor Ministry officials, leftist Chinese newspapermen, and 15 left-wing members of Parliament. Soldiers surrounded Parliament, waiting for a 16th legislator—who claimed immunity to arrest but was grabbed as he left the building at noon. Later, Dr. Sukirman, left-wing faction leader, called on President Soekarno to protest the "violation of democratic and human rights," was arrested himself.

At week's end, Indonesia also took steps to prevent Ambassador Wang's Red seminary from growing any larger. On grounds that the Chinese "willfully ignored" diplomatic courtesy—by establishing a Jakarta consulate general without permission, running in two military attachés without warning, and sending in 16 "diplomatic" personnel without prior notice—the Indonesians refused to let Wang's 16 reinforcements get off the boat.



THE SUBCOMMITTEE: HSIEH, LEE, HODES & BURKE
Through glassless windows, the sound of laughter.

called "parroting of elaborate and illogical propaganda slogans."

The Reds agreed, proposing only that each side have two delegates in the subcommittee instead of one (so that the North Koreans and the Chinese "volunteers" could both be represented). Joy was willing.

For the first meeting of the small group, Joy named Major General Henry Hodes and Rear Admiral Arleigh ("31-Knot") Burke. The Communists named North Korea's Lee Song Cho and Red China's Hsieh Feng. That day only four allied newsmen went to Kaesong—one reporter, one photographer, one newsreel cameraman and a radio man. The Reds obliged by sending only four newsmen of their own.

Through the glassless windows of the conference house, the allied newsmen could see the delegates huddled over maps on a small round tea table. Several times laughter was heard and the spokesmen were seen to be talking off-the-cuff, two or more

agree to some kind of defensible military lines for both sides, as the U.N. has urged all along.

In the U.N.'s advance base and press camp at Munsan, though correspondents were irked by the lack of hard news, optimism ran higher than at any time since the truce talks started. Subject to change, of course, without notice.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Brisk Punch

Since the Kaesong cease-fire talks began, U.N. and Communist armies in Korea have been sparring firmly, but not forcefully. Late last week the U.N. uncorked a brisk punch. Moving out under a battering artillery bombardment, U.N. troops assaulted Communist positions in the rain-lashed mountains north of the Hwachon Reservoir and east of the "Iron Triangle." The Reds fell back in some places, fought hand-to-hand in others de-

PROPAGANDA

Winds of Freedom

The guardians of the Iron Curtain suppress news and ideas from the free world, keep out visitors, jam broadcasts. But they cannot turn back the wind, which in Central Europe blows from West to East. The thought of using this wind to talk to the people in Red Europe has long fascinated Westerners. One night last week, thought became action.

In a Bavarian stubble field stood leaders of the Crusade for Freedom, a private international organization pledged to keep the free world in contact with the peoples isolated by Communist rule.

The Crusade's 1951 chairman, Harold Stassen, and Fellow Crusaders C. D. Jackson and Drew Pearson, looking like three Statues of Liberty, held high above their heads big rubber balloons. At signal they solemnly let go. The balloons rose into a cloud-flecked, moonlit sky. Then for several hours hydrogen hissed from tanks as some 2,000 other balloons were filled and released in the glare of lamps from a truck convoy.

Bouncing Message. The wind carried the balloons at 30 m.p.h. high over a line of low, dark hills on the horizon, where lay the Czech border. At 30,000 feet, the rubber balloons exploded, releasing thousands of leaflets. Another type of balloon, pillow-shaped, of glistening, translucent polyethylene, slowly oozed hydrogen through the plastic pores and sank to earth; it would give a ghostly effect as it bounced along the ground over hedges or lodged against walls and trees. On it, in five-inch letters, was printed the single word *svoboda* (Czech for "freedom"). Inside were more leaflets:

"A new wind is blowing. New hope is stirring. Friends of freedom in other lands have found a new way to reach you. They know that you also want freedom. Millions of free men and women have joined together and are sending you this message of friendship over the winds of freedom . . . There is no dungeon deep enough to hide truth, no wall high enough to keep out the message of freedom. Tyranny cannot control the winds, cannot enslave your hearts. Freedom will rise again."

On the back of each leaflet were listed wave lengths and schedules of major free-world stations broadcasting to Czechoslovakia. From Munich, Radio Free Europe urged Czech students, postmen, housewives, civil servants to pick up the leaflets and distribute them as widely as possible.

Cautious Contact. What might the balloon barrage accomplish? Crusade for Freedom is not, so far, suggesting revolt, for revolt—like General Bor's in Warsaw—can be premature and disastrous. Instead, the balloons are an imaginative experiment in contact, bearing a message of hope until the time might be ripe for other words.

First official Czech reaction came from

Geneva. At a U.N. Economic and Social Council meeting, Czech Delegate Arnost Tauber objected bitterly to the balloons, called them "further proof of subversive activities by the U.S. Government." Said Crusader Stassen: "We tore a big hole in the Iron Curtain."

TREATIES

Huff & Puff

The Russians filled their lungs for a mighty huff & puff at next month's San Francisco Conference. The nation which fought the Japanese exactly six days wanted to have a loud last-minute say in the Japanese peace treaty, though it had steadfastly refused to be cooperative during

ically unacceptable . . . It is in reality a treaty for . . . the purpose of rearming Japan and preparing a new world war of aggression for the U.S." An acceptable treaty, continued Chou, would 1) grant Red China control over Formosa, the Pescadores and other islands off the China mainland, 2) approve Russia's Yalta title to South Sakhalin and the Kuriles, and 3) bar U.S. armed forces in Japan. Knowing that they could make no headway against the U.S., the British and the French, the Communists evidently hoped to keep India, Indonesia and other Asian governments from accepting the treaty.

Dulles has planned Pacific security with four stout walls: the peace with Japan; a defense arrangement allowing U.S. garrisons in Japan until that country can defend itself; a mutual defense pact with the Philippines; a similar pact with Australia and New Zealand. Washington is reasonably confident that huffing & puffing will not blow the walls down.

The Russian Way

Judging by past performances, the Red delegation at the San Francisco Conference will most likely be a clamorous minority, crying foul and arguing noisily every play of the game. They will be hard to handle. However, a precedent exists for handling such difficulties, and Andrei Gromyko, head of the U.S.S.R. delegation, should be the first to recognize it. It was set by his boss, cynically shrewd Andrei Vishinsky, at the ten-power Danube Conference in Belgrade in mid-summer 1948.

That parley was designed to undo the work of the Nazis and restore freedom of navigation on the Danube. Vishinsky headed the Russian delegation, and six East European satellites followed his every cue. In the minority were the U.S., Britain and France.

U.S. Delegate Cavendish Cannon began by proposing English, as well as French and Russian, as an official conference language. Vishinsky remarked that most of the participants "loved and understood the Russian language," and by a simple majority vote of his stooges, that was that. Then Vishinsky offered a treaty which assured Russian control of the Danube as far upstream as Ulm. The three Western powers protested. Vishinsky snapped: "The door was open for you to come in; the same door is open for you to get out . . ."

The U.S. submitted a draft treaty of its own. Vishinsky brushed it aside. "What is acceptable in the U.S. draft," he said, "is already contained in the draft of the Soviet delegation. And what is not in the Soviet draft is acceptable neither to the Soviet delegation nor to the [satellite] states . . . The minority will either have to comply . . . or do without. And this is your right and, I would say, this is your privilege."

The Western allies, outvoted, swallowed their right & privilege: the Russian draft was adopted without change.



STASSEN & BALLOON
Svoboda in the sky.

the past eleven months the U.S. has been patiently negotiating terms with its allies.

"We hope . . . that the Russians are [not] sending a wrecking crew . . ." said John Foster Dulles, the treaty's chief architect. Next day in Moscow, the U.S. Embassy delivered a stiff little note to the Soviet Foreign Ministry. Chief point: the San Francisco party "is not a conference to reopen negotiations on the terms of peace." Its proper business will be a final explanation of the treaty, then the signing.

The Communists made plain that they were out to wreck rather than ratify. Radio Peking let forth a blast by Foreign Minister Chou En-lai. Just to make sure it would reach home to a land which does not recognize Red China diplomatically, Chou cabled his message, in plain, uncoded English and delivered by Western Union, to Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Gist of Chou's remarks:

The proposed treaty with Japan is "bas-

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

Business Trip

Blueshirted young Communists from the World Youth Festival invaded West Berlin again last week, but this time it was no innocent visit to gobble free food, gaze at well-stocked department stores, see the exhibits, color television, radio shows and movies the Western allies had set up for their Communist callers. This time 14,000 crossed the border on business: to stir up hatred against the West. Their Red leaders wanted to do something to break up the blueshirts' fraternizing with free Berliners.

At factories in the Russian sector, word was passed around one day that all F.D.J. (Free German Youth) members should quit work at 2:30 p.m. to join in. Truckloads of blueshirts came from camps,

others poured by trolley and subway into assembly points along Berlin's east-west border. In ones and twos the Reds drifted casually into the Western sectors, suddenly congealed into solid, marching columns in three separate districts.

Peace Fighters. "Peace!" "Hail to Stalin!" "Ami [Americans] go home!" cried the Reds, flinging propaganda leaflets left & right. Angry West Berliners rushed to help the outnumbered police. Cried a housewife: "Chase them back! Get at them!" Shopkeepers hastily put up their shutters.

The blueshirts hurled rocks, battled furiously with feet and fists, were finally driven back with fire hoses. Seven police and scores of blueshirts were injured (the blueshirts later were awarded special "peace medals" by their leaders); 116 blueshirts were clapped into jail.

But even after the battle, inquisitive blueshirts still crossed the line to look at Western freedom, and were still warmly welcomed, fed and entertained. Eleven youngsters chosen at random were whisked off to lunch with U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy and his wife.

At Ease. Mrs. McCloy's fluent German and friendly manner put the suspicious kids at ease. "Don't talk about this visit when you go home," she warned as they left. "That could be dangerous for you." Replied the blueshirts: "We just have to tell somebody, and we know we can trust our parents—so we'll just tell them."

After lunch, McCloy showed up at RIAS, West Berlin's main radio station, and freely answered political questions fired at him by 300 assembled blueshirts. At the end of the two-hour session Peter Nellen, a member of the West German Bundestag, put a question to them: If the blueshirts were at home, would Gen. Vasily I. Chulikov, East Germany's Russian boss, face them in similar fashion? There was an embarrassed silence, a little laughter, and then a cry of "No!" In Berlin's torn city, kindness, coolness and candor had proved to be the most artful propaganda of all.

End of an Eyrie

Three thousand workers toiled three years to build Adolf Hitler's sumptuous Bavarian "Eagle's Nest" atop a mountain at Berchtesgaden. Allied bombers in a few seconds blasted a group of chalets below it (including one of Hitler's and several for smaller Nazis), but left unharmed Hitler's high-perched eyrie, with its wide view of the white-tipped Austrian Alps. Since then *verboten* territory to Germans, the Berchtesgaden villas have been a red-hot G.I. tourist attraction. Souvenir hawkers have stripped them, selling tiles from Hitler's bathroom to G.I.s at 5 marks (\$1.20) apiece. Before handing back the mountainside to the Germans, the Army wanted to be sure that it would not become a neo-Nazi shrine. Last week the Bavarian state government agreed, decided to blow up the remains of the lower-altitude chalets, turn over the Eagle's Nest either to an Alpine club, youth hostel or research organization. Said Social Democratic Leader Waldemar von Knoeringen: "Hitler's real monuments are the ruined cities of Germany, and no other monuments should be allowed to remain."

FRANCE

The Malgré-Nous

No tricolors, no flowers, no formal reception—only a couple of French officials, a doctor and two nurses waited on the platform at the Strasbourg station. The train from Germany pulled in, and eight men got out. They were reluctant wanderers, helpless victims of two mighty tyrannies, home for the first time in sev-

WEST EUROPEAN LAND COMMANDER



Peppy Acheson
JUN

About to take over as Commander in Chief of all SHAPE's armies in Germany, France and the Low Countries: France's five-star General of the Army Alphonse-Henri Juin.

Born: Dec. 16, 1888, at Bône, Algeria, a policeman's son.

Education: From Algerian high school to St. Cyr Military Academy, where in 1911 he graduated first in a class that included Charles de Gaulle.

World War I: A lieutenant in the Moroccan Division on the Western Front. Cited in dispatches five times, decorated on the field of battle, twice wounded. His right arm was so crippled that it became almost useless, forcing General Juin to salute, as he still does, with his left hand.

World War II: After serving most of the years between world wars in North Africa under Marshal Lyautey, took command of the French 15th Motorized Division in Belgium, helped cover the Allied retreat to Dunkirk, was surrounded by Hitler's panzers, fought until his division ran out of ammunition, was finally taken prisoner. Held in the fortress of Königstein (from which General Henri Giraud escaped) until July 1941, when the Germans released him in the belief that he would help Vichy defend its territory against Anglo-American attack. Took command of Vichy forces in North Africa, and after putting up some resistance against the Western Allies in 1942, joined them along with Darlan. Led his North African troops brilliantly against the Germans in Tunisia and Italy.

Empire Holder: As Chief of Staff after France's liberation, directed the slow rebuilding of his country's army. In 1947 appointed Resident-General in Morocco, where a nationalist movement threatened French rule. "Morocco," he said, "has a right to be independent. But independence must wait until Morocco is ready." Applied a policy of military firmness to assure French control. He stuck with the Moroccan job after Eisenhower picked him for NATO, explaining, "I'd like to have things in order before I leave." Now he feels ready for the new post.

Private Life: Wife, Cécile Bonnefoy; two sons, Pierre, 22, second lieutenant in a Moroccan rifle regiment (and also a St. Cyr graduate), and Michel, 13. Fond of cigars, bridge, music-hall ditties, dancing (but no jitterbugging).

Personality: Sturdy (5 ft. 7 in., 165 lbs.), jovial, hard-driving, outspoken. In the field, eats and sleeps little. Though sociable, likes to spend his first hour after waking in the morning in solitary thought and with a good smoke. Like most French generals, has a flair for smart uniforms, gloves and boots. Speaks heavily accented English.

Military Views: Rivals General de Lattre de Tassigny as one of France's best military minds. Rejects the rigid-defense, Maginot Line philosophy of fighting. "Don't sit in your trenches and wait," he says. "Punch them in the puss as soon as they show any signs of moving westward." He believes that NATO's forces, when motorized and brought up to planned strength, could quickly seize the initiative in case of attack and punch their way eastward despite enemy masses.

en years. As P.W.s, they had been pushed around Europe and Asia, and released finally a fortnight ago from a Soviet labor camp in Kiev.

"*Les malgré-nous*," the Alsatians called them—*malgré-nous* meaning "in spite of ourselves." In 1942-44 the German army had drafted 130,000 Alsatians and Lorrainers, in spite of themselves (only a few were pro-Nazi). Most of the still living came home after the war; others, in little groups, came home last week; 13,000 are still missing.

Along the station platform, the eight Strasbourg *malgré-nous* shuffled forlornly, dressed in patched pants of dark Soviet cloth and carrying light wooden boxes and flimsy suitcases. Among them was Oscar Baehr, a husky, 25-year-old, tawny-haired farm boy. As he was driven to the village where his parents have a prosperous farm, he recalled the great *Wehrmacht* retreat from Russia in 1944 (when he was only 18), then the Soviet P.W. camp at Grozny in the Caucasus, next Siberia, and finally Kiev, where month after month he cracked rocks with other P.W.s and some Ukrainian women. ("If we got caught talking to the women, they simply disappeared. Those Ukrainian girls; God knows where they were sent.")

Oscar Baehr for the moment was a village celebrity, but leadenly unthrilled. Seven of his best years were gone, in spite of himself.

RUSSIA

Hardly Worth a Holiday

To hear the Russians tell it, Soviet workers hate to take a day off to rest and play when they could be spending long hours at the lathe, the desk or the work bench. So, "to meet the wishes of the majority of the workers, bearing in mind the many requests received from trade unions," the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet last week ruled that Jan. 22, official Day of Memory for Lenin, will no longer be a day off. The workers, said the Presidium, had "correctly" taken the position "that the holding of a public holiday . . . is not in keeping" with the revering of Lenin. The ukase raised an interesting question: whether Lenin, who used to share joint billing with Joseph Stalin, is now being shunted farther & farther back into a dark corner of the Soviet Pantheon.

SAN MARINO

Losing Gamble

As long as the tiny (pop. 12,000) Republic of San Marino in northern Italy could make money selling its postage stamps to philatelists, it was happy. It also picked up a few dollars from tourists curious to see a nation of 38 mountainous square miles which calls itself the oldest republic (1,650 years) in the world. Nobody cared that for the past six years the Republic of San Marino had been Communist-run, the only Stalinist state outside the Iron Curtain.

Two years ago, when San Marino's free-



GAMING TABLE AT SAN MARINO
Today, not much money and no fun.

Aarons—Life

spending Reds ran the country's budget into the red, the Communist government adopted a capitalistic trick: it repealed an old law against gambling and granted a nine-year gambling concession to a group of Genoese financiers. The gamblers put up an 800 million-lira casino and a couple of hotels and promised to pay San Marino a cut of a million lire (\$1,600) a day. The Communists piously forbade San Marinense themselves to enter the casino, relied upon a steady stream of wealthy, land-owning Italians and foreign tourists. Said San Marino's parish priest resignedly: "At first the parishioners thought the casino a scandal. Then they got used to it, for the price of furnished rooms began to rise considerably. There is hardly a family which does not have a crupier as a paying guest at 20 to 25,000 lire a month. My parishioners live up to the motto: 'Since you eat, why shouldn't I? Therefore let's all eat in the name of the Lord.'"

Noisy Tenants. The Roman Catholic bishops of Rimini and Montefeltro (San Marino is almost due east of Florence) called the casino a sink of iniquity. Italy's Demo-Christian government discovered that San Marino had become a haven for Italian tax dodgers and quick divers. Tough Interior Minister Mario Scelba, who dislikes both Communists and gamblers, put border guards at all roads leading into San Marino, had them politely but slowly examine identification papers of incoming visitors. Said Scelba: "San Marino is an independent state and consequently can act as it likes in its own territory. However, San Marino only occupies the top floor of a big building [Italy], to which the staircase leads through other people's property. If the people on the top floor misbehave and disturb the quiet of other tenants, it is the right of the owner of the building to shut the door." Early last year, Scelba slammed the door. Guards, pressing

to look for dope, made motorists remove their wheels for inside inspection, sometimes dismantled their engines. Delays at the border often lasted eight to ten hours.

Bitter Pill. San Marino's casino, its hotels and movie houses stood empty. The gamblers—from Genoa stopped paying their rake-off to the government. The government had to borrow money to pay its employees, soon was issuing I.O.U.s instead of wages. Three hundred San Marinense applied for immigration visas to the U.S. Then the Communist government quit. Condemning the Communists' "stupid and egotistic policy," the legislature called for a new election, last week set up a bipartisan regency council to talk terms with Italy. Italy wouldn't budge.

Said Gino Giacomini, the republic's Foreign Secretary (and a Socialist): "They offend the dignity and the autonomy of our republic. Dear friend, it is a very bitter pill." The republic had to swallow it. At week's end, San Marino restored its law against gambling, shut up its casino. Demo-Christian Leader Teodoro Tonferoni found a little to cheer him: "We may not have much money, but at least we have had a good housecleaning."

SYRIA

Courageous Premier

Strapping Hasan Hakim, 65, wears the tarboosh of an Arab bourgeois but no man's collar. Between the two world wars he plied his profession as a financial expert all through the Middle East—in Jordan, Palestine, Syria—and won little popularity or following because of the backroom nature of his job and because of his blunt frankness. But he is regarded as an honest man, a mark of true distinction in Middle East politics.

Last week, installed as Syria's new Premier, primarily to clear up the country's financial mess, Hakim again took an un-

popular stand. He declared that Syria (which is roughly equal in size and population to Missouri) should align itself with the West, a point of view which sometimes results in having one's head blown off. Surprisingly, Syria's strong man, Lieut. Colonel Adib Shishakli, who had approved Hakim's premiership, made no objection; neither was there popular outcry. Hakim's reasoning, in interviews with newspapermen, was headhanded:

"Since arms cannot be obtained except from the Western bloc . . . it is in our interest to side with this bloc out of our own free will, as Turkey did . . . Such an association would guarantee our safety, liberty and independence and would also secure a just settlement of our pending questions, and that of Palestine in particular . . . Neutrality is impossible . . . At the present critical moment neutrality is consid-

Early in the week, at appropriately named Sabehe Garanieh Palace ("Palace of the Man of Bad Luck"), Richard Stokes had brought out Britain's plan. Recognizing the new forces at work, the old Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. would disappear; all the company's property in Iran would be transferred to the government-owned National Iranian Oil Co. A new purchasing organization set up by the British would buy the oil from National Iranian, market it, divide the net profits 50-50 with the Iranians. The purchasing organization and National Iranian would jointly create a third outfit to handle the technical end—drilling, pumping, refining, loading. The Iranians would nominally be in charge of the third company; actually, the British would manage it.

"A jolly good offer," said Stokes—and indeed it was. (He estimated that it would

sadeq, who finally blew up, said: "Do you want me to resign?" There it was; the Shah had to back down. The fact was that the oil dispute, which stretched back 20 years, had become for Iranians a cause beyond common sense. They desperately needed British technicians, and they could not possibly get along without British marketing, but not a man of them would concede the facts.

At week's end, some 200 members of the fanatical Fedayan Islam charged through Teheran's streets to the Shah Mosque, knifing six policemen on the way, shouting: "Stokes, take your proposal to the grave with you." Mullah Kashani, spiritual leader of the terrorists, unblinkingly told Stokes, who came to pay a call: "Tell the British government that if Dr. Mossadeq deviates one iota from oil nationalization, the Iranian people will dispatch him to the next world."

Stokes himself was also under pressure: the Abadan technicians served notice on him that they would not work for an Iranian management. In London, Winston Churchill warned the Socialists of dire political consequences if they abandoned Abadan. And the independent weekly, *Time & Tide*, sighing for the dear, dead days of "gunboat diplomacy" had an angry phrase for the new: "kicked spaniel diplomacy."

The parting that would hurt both countries was dragging to its bitter end.

CHINA

Old Hands, Beware!

Colonel Dave Barrett, now a U.S. military attaché in Formosa, is an old China hand known for his plump amiability and his fluency in Mandarin. In 20 years of service in China, he saw the warlords fade, the Japs come & go, the Nationalists driven before the Communists. None of these great events startled easygoing Dave Barrett more than a shrill accusation by Radio Peking last week. Colonel Barrett, said Red China's government, is the ring-leader of an "American imperialist" plot to murder Chairman Mao Tse-tung and other high Chinese cadres.

The plot, said Peking, was hatched almost a year ago. On Oct. 1, Red China's National Day, when Mao and all other Red bigwigs would be standing on a reviewing stand before Peking's Heavenly Peace Gate, the plotters had intended to blow them all to kingdom come with a trench mortar. Eight men were accused and quickly convicted: Antonio Riva, wealthy, high-living Italian trader who once boasted he could do business under any kind of Chinese regime, and Ruichi Yamaguchi, a scholarly Japanese book-seller—death; Italian Bishop Tarcisio Martina, 64, longtime head of the Roman Catholic diocese of Yihshien in Hopei province—life imprisonment; four foreign-born old China hands and one Chinese businessman—prison terms ranging from five to ten years.

The executions of Riva and Yamaguchi were carried out immediately after the



MULLAH KASHANI & SIR RICHARD STOKES
Behind the smile, a death threat.

International

ered by the Western bloc as animosity, and if we gain the animosity of the Western bloc, it may drive that bloc to continue to hurt us. If, at the moment of need, we take a neutral stand and leave the burden of defending the Middle East to Turkey and Israel, we should not be astonished if the West should recompense them at our expense for their loyalty. If we are not strong, at least let us be wise."

IRAN

Towards the Bitter End

W. Averell Harriman had done his earnest best to push back the pressures of history which seemed to be closing in on the British-Iranian oil wrangle. He had won a few weeks' respite, brought both sides together and given both a chance to try a second round of negotiations. But despite endless talk, the situation last week again took on its old air of senseless inevitability.

triple Iran's royalties, which were \$44-800,000 in 1950.) But Premier Mohammed Mossadeq thought otherwise, and promptly sank down with a heart attack. The frenetically suspicious Iranians seemed to be convinced that Britain was killing off Anglo-Iranian only on paper, and that the British would in fact still control Iran's oil industry.

What did the Iranians propose? Just three points for negotiations: 1) how much compensation did the British want to get out, lock, stock and oil barrels; 2) how much oil did the British propose to buy for their own needs; 3) under what terms would British technicians remain at Abadan.

Amiable Negotiator Stokes, whose nickname is "Slap & Tickle Dick," was not tickled. He snapped: "I am not a great believer in bargaining." Still, Mediator Harriman persevered. He saw the young Shah, who is reasonable but ineffectual. The Shah himself tried to conciliate Mos-

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THE CARIBBEAN

Market Opportunities

To spotlight the growing market represented by our Caribbean good neighbors, Alcoa Steamship Company last year put its market researchers to work reducing thousands of figures to a few simple common denominators.

Governments, from the smallest to the largest, stack away tons of figures each year. Whole buildings of clerks keep busy compiling, totaling and analyzing statistics. But, unfortunately, necessary information too often is impossible to locate or is supplied in unusable form. The Caribbean area, especially, has offered a particular problem with its many governments, differences in currency and differences in language.

The result of Alcoa's endeavor is a 28-page booklet entitled "Market Opportunities" that should get a big hand from exporting companies and Caribbean shippers. It is available without cost by writing on your company letterhead to the Alcoa Steamship Company, Dept. A, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y. or Dept. C, One Canal Street, New Orleans 12, La.

Bargain Basement

Along with its other attractions, the Caribbean holds the lure of marvelous shopping. Many ports provide opportunities to buy the wares of the world at bargain prices. And its native handi-



Shoppers in Curacao

craft shops are treasure houses for those who insist on something different.

Travelers outside the United States are permitted to bring back \$500 worth of merchandise. Alcoa Steamship Company is pointing out to its Fall Cruise passengers the opportunity this provides to do their Christmas shopping early at appreciable savings. A travel booklet on Caribbean 16-day Cruises

sailing weekly from New Orleans can be secured by seeing your travel agent or writing Alcoa Steamship Company at 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y. or One Canal Street, New Orleans 12, La.

"plot" was announced. Reported Radio Peking: as the condemned were led to their death, "the streets they passed through were thronged with people who expressed their feelings . . . with shouts of 'Down with imperialism! Suppress counter-revolutionaries! Long live Chairman Mao!'"

Washington called Peking's story "a bare-faced lie." Dave Barrett spoke up from Formosa: "I never at any time . . . attempted to assassinate or contrive the assassination of anyone." The real moral of the story is as plain as Mao meant it to be: outsiders are no longer safe in Red China. Riva and Yamaguchi are the first foreigners to be sentenced to death as counter-revolutionaries, while Bishop Martina is the first Catholic clergyman to be sentenced to life in prison. He is fairly big game, as acting representative in Peking for Archbishop Antonio Riberi, papal inter-nuncio for China, who is under house arrest in Nanking.

NEW ZEALAND

Lost on a Honeymoon

Before Mary Eileen Spargo was married nine years ago, she drew \$1,200 from her bank account, which she closed, and collected a check for \$2,700 from her lawyer for the sale of property. Her husband, a tailor's presser named George Cecil Horry, announced that he was taking Mary Eileen to England. Instead, the couple left on a honeymoon trip to New Zealand's lonely Waitakere Mountains. The bride was never seen again.

For a time Mrs. Horry's parents received letters bearing Australian postmarks signed "George & Eileen." Then one day Horry called on his in-laws, said that he had just returned from England, and told them sorrowfully that Mary Eileen had died in the Atlantic torpedoing of the *Empress of India*. What Horry did not know was that Mary Eileen's parents knew he had never left Auckland. One of the letters which he had arranged to have posted back from Australia had been opened by the New Zealand wartime censor of outgoing mail, who thus accidentally gave police a vital clue. Confronted by the cops, Horry had a new story: Mary Eileen had paid him to marry her, he said, then eloped with an American G.I. Police found clothes belonging to Mary Eileen in the possession of a woman Horry was living with. They would have charged Horry with murder right then, except for one crucial missing piece of evidence: the body of the bride.

For eight years, New Zealand authorities patiently waited before bringing Horry to trial. Then under the common law principle that anyone who has been declared a missing person may, after seven years, be presumed dead, they seized Horry. Last week, without a trace of a body or part of a body or direct evidence that death had taken place or a confession by the accused, the court convicted Horry of his wife's murder. The sentence: life imprisonment.

SPAIN

Duchess Dynamite

As the most audacious opponent of Franco inside Spain, Luisa María Narváez y Macías, fifth Duchess of Valencia, was restless in the quiet of her ancestral palace at Avila. But she had promised, after her third sojourn in Franco's jails, to withdraw from active politics for a while. So she rode horseback, drove her sleek Cadillac with the dual crest on it, ran a charity kitchen in a wing of her palace, and wrote her memoirs. There was plenty to write about, including her expulsion, at the age of ten, from a convent for throwing an inkwell at the mother superior, her year's work in a pottery factory ("to get to know people better"), her melodramatic



THE DUCHESS OF VALENCIA
Waiting for Don Juan.

escape from a Turkish ship during the Spanish civil war, her five years of active struggle against the Franco regime.

"I am twice a grandee of Spain," the 35-year-old Duchess says, tossing her luxuriant, red-gold (dyed) mane. "It makes absolutely no difference to me what Franco or his men call me. Why should one worry when there is no court in Spain at which a grandee can exercise his right of keeping his hat on in the king's presence?"

Bad for the Lungs. Luisa María has not yet given up hope that her dream man, Pretender Don Juan, son of the late King Alfonso XIII, will come to the throne. If only, she says, he were surrounded in his Portuguese exile by brave men instead of a "few shrewd but overcautious politicians." If only she could talk to him—"If I can't convince him, I'll go to the United States. I need more space. The air

in Franco's Spain is not good for my lungs."

A year ago, Luisa María wrote to Pretender Don Juan, urging him to land on the sea coast of northwestern Spain and march on Madrid: "My Lord, Napoleon's march from Antibes to Paris will look like a Boy Scout parade compared to your triumphant and bloodless march through Spain . . . Not one person will stand in your way. My Lord, your moment has come. Spain is waiting . . ." Even the country's most ardent male monarchists were appalled. Said one: "Luckily it was a letter and not a plea supported by her presence and personality that reached the king. That woman is dynamite!" Dictator Franco's police thought so too.

Wasted Dance. Now that she has promised not to do such things any more, restless Luisa María finds herself dissatisfied by the state of her wardrobe. She asked the Franco authorities for a passport, saying she wanted to go to Paris and "buy a few dresses." She tried to help her cause by making the rounds of Madrid's gay spots with the pudgy dictator's pudgy, pleasure-loving brother, Nicolás Franco, who is Ambassador to Portugal. But within a few days of the Duchess' request for a passport, police were quick to note, a letter from Don Juan reached Francisco Franco asking the dictator to step down for the sake of "our common country."

No passport was forthcoming. Not even brother Nicolás could do anything. Last week, Luisa María canceled her travel plans and said philosophically: "Never mind. It won't be long before I'll be traveling on a diplomatic passport signed by a minister of the king. My only regret is that I wasted time dancing with that fat, perspiring man."

GREAT BRITAIN

The Duke Didn't Say It

The seventh Duke of Wellington is an unstuffy former diplomat and minor architect, onetime Surveyor of the King's Works of Art (1936-43) and a man who likes to keep the records straight about his most famous ancestor. As a close student of his tough, gunpowdery great-grandfather, he came to doubt that the first Duke ever uttered the sonorous bit of snobbery so dear to generations of British orators: "The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." So last month he did what any Englishman would do under the circumstances: he wrote a letter to the editor of the *Times*. In it, he offered to pay £50 to the National Playing Fields Association if anyone could prove when and by whom the words were first said.

The best answer came from Eton's headmaster, Robert Birley, who traced the words back to Montalembert's *De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre*, published in 1855. According to Count Montalembert, the Duke of Wellington, returning to Eton in his old age, exclaimed: "It is here that the battle of Waterloo was won." Obviously the playing fields had been tucked in

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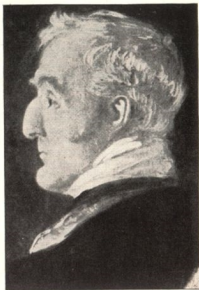
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Associated Press

THE SEVENTH & FIRST
Waterloo was not won on



DUKES OF WELLINGTON
the playing fields of Eton.

later. Triumphant, the seventh Duke wrote another letter to the *Times* last week: "The only authority for attributing the phrase to Wellington is a Frenchman writing three years after the Duke's death . . . Wellington's career at Eton was short and inglorious and . . . he had no particular affection for the place." As for the words themselves, "to any one who knows his turn of phrase, they ring entirely false. It is therefore much to be hoped that speakers will discontinue using them either, as is generally the case, in order to point out their snobbishness . . . or else to show that Wellington is in favor of organized games, an assumption which is entirely unwarranted."

Caviar & Machinery

Sir Hartley Shawcross, President of the Board of Trade, went down last week to sea-girt Cornwall, where he often goes sailing. There, in a luncheon speech, Socialist Shawcross made a defiant announcement: Britain has no intention of tossing overboard her small but growing trade with Iron Curtain countries, regardless of what the U.S. Congress says or does.

"We are fully alive," he said, "to the need to control the export of strategic goods . . . Our embargo list covers this field . . . Why, our American friends sometimes ask, do we not prohibit all . . . exports? The answer is clear enough . . .

"America had not and did not need to have any significant trade with the Soviet; it means little or nothing to her to discontinue the imports of furs, caviar and crab. With us, things are quite different. We obtain from the Soviet block essential foods and raw materials [timber and grain]—and we believe that in these trade exchanges we get as good as we give, economically and strategically."

Shawcross minimized the chief point of U.S. criticism: while Britain embargoes such obvious war goods as aircraft engines

and arms, its chief exports to Iron Curtain countries are machinery and machine tools (60% of its \$197 million Iron Curtain traffic last year) and raw rubber (7,000 tons in the first five months of 1951).

Fed Up

Tory Albert Burleigh had finally had it. From his home outside London he sent the Sydney (Australia) *Daily Telegraph* the following classified ad:

"For Sale, English family of five persons.

"Whole family is fed up with the Welfare State and denial of initiative and independence; unwilling to be nursed, undernourished, directed, controlled, clothed, rationed, employed and finally buried by authorities.

"Elder son at present with Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., not included in sale, is waiting for nationalization's benefits to the Persians to deprive him of his livelihood, when he would undoubtedly be willing to transfer his long sea experience to the defense of Australia."

Tory Burleigh, 46, who described himself in the ad as "reasonably intelligent, tall, healthy and strong," said that he, his wife, son, daughter and grandson are "anxious to live and not exist . . . willing to work, learn and give loyalty . . . possessors of keen sense of humor (at present untaxed)." Burleigh served 5½ years overseas in the British army, came home to find his house blitzed and jobs scarce. "It seemed that in this country I was considered derelict because I was over 40." He went into business for himself, then became a salesman but didn't make it, finally took the best job he could find, as security officer guarding some war office buildings. One day when the family was sitting at lunch, he burst out, "For God's sake, let us get out of England and try somewhere else where at least we can breathe." After a few seconds' silence, son

BLINDFOLD TEST OPENS EYES OF MOTORISTS

Proves that Dodge Oriflow Ride turns roughest roads into boulevards. In actual tests, motorists were securely blindfolded and driven over a rough, bumpy road in an ordinary car. Then they were given a Dodge Oriflow Ride over the same road, at the same speed. Only after blindfolds were removed were they convinced they traveled the same road *both* times—so magically smooth and level was the Dodge Oriflow Ride!



Blindfolded motorists discover Oriflow Ride takes bumps and ruts out of roughest roads



Car without new Oriflow Ride System

Motorists taking the Blindfold Test found they were pitched, tossed and bounced while riding in a car *without* Oriflow. Then still blindfolded, they were driven in a Dodge with the new Oriflow Ride System. They found the ride so smooth they could hardly believe they traveled the same bumpy road!



New Dodge with Oriflow Ride System

DARING TEST REVEALS AMAZING SMOOTHNESS OF THE NEW DODGE ORIFLOW RIDE!

YOU DON'T NEED to take a blindfold test to open your eyes to a sensational new kind of ride!

No matter what type of road—back country ruts or city cobblestones—the new Dodge Oriflow Ride carries you smoothly, *without bounce or jounce*. Unbelievable, you say, as you spot the bumps and ruts in the road in front of you—yet which disappear as your car glides smoothly over them!

Words can't describe this truly amazing ride. Experience it for yourself!

Your Dodge dealer invites you to try it . . . to compare it with any car you've ever driven in the past. Come in for a "Magic-Mile" demonstration ride.

You could pay up to \$1,000 more

The Dodge Oriflow Ride is only one of the many extra-value features Dodge gives you. Your Dodge dealer will be glad to show you how you could pay up to \$1,000 more and still not get all the extra room, ease of handling and famous dependability of Dodge!

Specifications and equipment subject to change without notice



The Big Dependable
DODGE
Drive it five minutes and
you'll drive it for years



(Advertisement)

It is popularly believed that college students either pay no attention whatsoever to clothes or else slavishly follow some intramural eccentricity. This belief, fostered by the producers of musical comedies, is one of our national myths. We cherish it even though it isn't true. The truth is that college students give a great deal of thought to their clothes. They are conservatives at heart and though they make a cult of the informal it is a studied informality.

Visit any campus this Fall and you will see lots of gray flannel slacks, lots of quiet sports jackets and lots of Pan American suits (tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx). The popularity of these handsome tweeds is as much a tribute to college common sense as it is to the fabric and tailoring. You can wear the coat and trousers as a suit or match them up separately. You can wear them on the campus or in town. You can do almost everything but wear them out. There are many subtle new Pan American patterns this year and if you haven't seen them yet, you should.

A Good Start

When your men rig up with Preformed Yellow Strand they start a new job with confidence. They have wire rope that will respond to any reasonable demand—a production aid with a record of 75 years of steady improvement. Standardize on Preformed Yellow Strand. Profit by its demonstrated reliability and long life.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Distributors in All Principal Cities

BRODERICK & BASCOM
Yellow Strand
PREFORMED WIRE ROPE

David, 17, asked, "When do we start, Dad?"

At week's end, Burleigh was opening mail from Australia including one letter from a timber merchant offering "jobs for all of you and accommodations."

Communist Comes Clean

The whole affair was very British. Sandy-haired Malcolm W. McGrath at 36 was a dependable member of the British civil service, climbing from second in command of the Admiralty's South African arms depot in World War II to his high job as senior armaments officer at the Admiralty's main base at Bath. In his private life, in tweed jacket and corduroy slacks at his trailer home outside Bath, McGrath made a kind of progression too: from Socialism to Communism,



© Graphic Photo Union

MALCOLM MCGRATH
The only popular Communist?

and to Linguaphone records to learn Russian. Then he got worried about his double life: "I felt I was in a false position in the Admiralty in supplying arms for use against the Chinese. Furthermore, there was a strong possibility I should have to assist in rearming Germany and Japan, to which I am bitterly opposed."

One day, in the British, not the Communist way, he approached his superior, calmly divulged that he had joined the Communist Party a few months before. Said McGrath: "I did this in fairness to him and to obviate suspicion that Communists in defense positions were concealing their views." The shocked civil service promptly suspended McGrath while it investigated.

Last week, when the news leaked out, neither to Downing Street nor the Admiralty would talk. The government didn't appear to know what to say, or what to do. The man in the pub seemed to feel a grudging admiration for a fellow who would come clean. Said one: "McGrath is the only popular Communist in England."

Now Available !

Anso *Natural* Color Movie Film in 8 mm and 16 mm Magazines

*Gorgeous natural color gives you brilliant, sparkling
movies that spring to life on your screen!*

Soft flesh tones, natural foliage, pastel-blue skies... *that's*
Anso *Natural* Color. You'll be thrilled at the difference...
movies that bring you, your family and friends to the screen—
in a gorgeous panorama of true-to-life color. Load your camera
today, with the one and only Anso *natural* color film.

At dealers everywhere!



ANSO, BINGHAMTON, N. Y. A DIVISION OF GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORP. "FROM RESEARCH TO REALITY"

"Hey Mac! Time to get dressed and go back!"



Whether you're going back to school or back to the office, your best companions are Arrow shirts and ties. Because . . .

1. Only Arrow shirts have Arrow collars! 2. Arrow shirts are "Sanforized"-labeled, never shrink out of fit. 3. They're Mitoga-tailored, fit without a wrinkle.

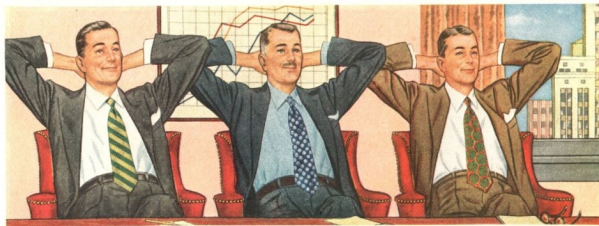
The smart lad at left is wearing Arrow Dover, the world's most popular button-down, with a Mayfair Foulard tie. (Fabric content is shown on all Arrow ties.)

The young man in the middle is wearing Dude Ranch, with the amazing new Arafold collar (the only sports shirt col-

lar that looks good with a tie). Washable, of course, and irons like a dream.

Directly above is the Arrow corduroy (also with the Arafold collar)—comes in a wide range of colors.

This is just a smattering of the many sports shirts that bear the Arrow label.



Now, let's get down to business. The executives are sitting pretty left to right in: Arrow Par, for men who like a soft, spread collar. The tie is a Hadley Repp.

Blueboy is wearing an Arrow basket-weave shirt—the Bi-way Spread, with the amazingly comfortable Arafold collar. The Mayfair Foulard tie is

just one of many smart patterns.

And last, America's most famous white shirt, Dart. Dart has a nonwilt collar, as if you didn't know, and looks wonderful with the Hadley Foulard tie.

There you have it, or you *can* have it by dropping into your Arrow dealer's. Why not tomorrow?

ARROW



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
Arrow Shirts • Sports Shirts • Ties •
Handkerchiefs • Underwear

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Big Buildup

In Buenos Aires this week, Juan and Eva Perón braced themselves to lend an ear to the voice of history, look fate in the eye and shake destiny by the hand. The stage was set for at least 2,000,000 Argentines to gather in a vast, "spontaneous" outpouring, and demand that Juan and Eva run for President and Vice President, respectively, in the November presidential elections.

By week's end the crowds were already gathering. In response to manifestoes issued by the General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.), provincial workers were beginning to stream into the capital. Transportation by train, plane, ship or bus was free. When the great day came, free buses and taxis would be waiting at piers and railway stations. Also free to the visitors: food, drinks, *football* games, boxing matches, variety shows, movies.

But all the bread and all the circuses could not hide the well-oiled machinery behind the scenes. The C.G.T. is no independent labor organization; its manifestoes are Perón orders. The calling of the rally meant that Perón and Evita had made up their minds to go full speed ahead with their plans, breaking all precedents.

Never before in Argentina had a President flouted tradition by serving consecutive terms; never before in Argentina—or any other country in the hemisphere—had a woman been groomed for Vice President. For the smashing of such precedents, a mere *Peronista* party nomination (to be had at the crooking of a finger) was not enough. The nomination had to appear to be a reluctant surrender to the

irresistible popular will. Huge crowds and tremendous noises were required. Therefore the rally. The scenario called for the mob to shout for Perón & Perón until all Argentina had heard well. After that, the Peróns' decision—and a great moment for the onetime actress who is now the most powerful woman in the Americas.

JAMAICA

Hurricane

In August, first month of the Caribbean's high-wind season, hurricanes usually trace out tracks north of Jamaica, but last week's hurricane was a little south for August. It roared straight toward Kingston. Warned by a storm tide and a hot, moist atmosphere, Kingston (pop. 250,000) battered down; buses stopped running, movies closed, people stayed home.

The edge of the whirling hurricane crossed Kingston at 9:45 p.m.; for four roaring hours after that, it lashed the city's galvanized iron roofs and clapboard frame houses. Breadfruit, coconuts and avocados rained into the streets. In the harbor, six steamships were driven ashore. With the deafening winds came typical hurricane rains, 17 inches in a little more than five hours. It was the worst storm in Jamaica's wind-battered history.

When the sun reappeared at noon the next day, 109 people were dead. Thousands of men, women, and children, their homes beaten to matchwood, moved into churches, schools, hospitals. Damage, including wind-blown, flooded sugar cane and bananas, reached an estimated \$56 million. Power lines had been knocked down and railroad tracks uprooted. The historic old town of Port Royal had been all but obliterated; only six habitable dwellings were still standing. And 76 convicts were at large; the 130-m.p.h. hurricane had topped a penitentiary wall.

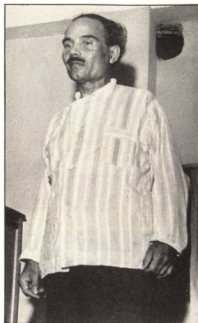
This week, some 800 miles farther along its west-northwesterly track, the hurricane lost much of its starch lashing the hardwood forests of Yucatan. But as it entered the Gulf of Mexico, the air was humid and hot—just right to regenerate the black storm.

PUERTO RICO

"A Dangerous Person"

Just before World War I, Pedro Albizu Campos, a Puerto Rican mulatto, was a quiet, intelligent student at Harvard and a patriotic lieutenant in the R.O.T.C. The son of a wealthy Spanish sugar merchant and his Negro mistress, he was proud of his Spanish blood. But when the U.S. Army assigned him to a Negro regiment, it was a shock to Albizu that twisted his whole life. Back in Puerto Rico in 1921, he began to build a political career based on two ideas: hatred of the U.S. and national independence for Puerto Rico.

Albizu organized a following, the Nationalist Party, with about 1,000 mem-



George Silk—Life

PEDRO ALBIZU CAMPOS
Plenty of time to calm down.

bers. Nothing he undertook succeeded; his plans for a civil disobedience campaign and the enrolling of a liberation army died for lack of support. Still Albizu, arrogant but a little absurd with his full mustache, uncontrolled hair and black bow tie, preached venomous hate for the U.S.; in the early '30s Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes called him "a dangerous person." By 1936 Albizu's movement came to bloodshed. A Nationalist murdered the popular chief of the Insular Police, bringing on an investigation which landed Albizu in Atlanta federal prison; he served six years for conspiring to overthrow U.S. rule in Puerto Rico.

Freed, he went back to hatred. Last November the few remaining Nationalist fanatics (about 400) of Albizu's party unleashed an armed revolutionary coup timed with an attempt to assassinate President Truman. In all, 33 persons were killed before the rising was put down. "The law will fall on whoever is responsible for this tragedy," promised Puerto Rican Governor Muñoz Marín. That meant Albizu Campos. Last week, in a half-empty courtroom, Albizu was convicted on twelve charges of trying to overthrow the Puerto Rican government by force. Maximum penalty on each charge: ten years in prison.

Albizu's arrogance was gone. Now 60, he suffers from tuberculosis and hallucinations; he charged recently that he was being bombarded with "electronic rays" in his cell. Last week when defense lawyers were given ten days to appeal, Albizu smiled humbly at the judge, said only, "Gracias, gracias."



Gisèle Freund

EVA PERÓN
There's gonna be a great day.

Kodak's handiest 8mm. movie camera

No easier movie camera in the world to use than this—and it's one of the most talented! Gets beauties in full color or black-and-white . . . outdoors or indoors . . . day or night. Now available in two lens-price choices. At your Kodak dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Magazine loading; choice of speeds including slow motion. Accepts accessory lenses. With focusing $f/1.9$ lens, \$155; with preset "all-focus" $f/2.7$ lens, \$127.50—including Federal Tax. Prices subject to change without notice.



Cine-Kodak Magazine 8 Camera

MEMBER OF KODAK'S FAMILY OF FINE CAMERAS

Kodak
TRADE MARK



45 Magic Carpets!

No, this is not a fairy tale—it's the true story of Greenbrier's three gorgeous championship courses where every green is a magic carpet of velvet and the fairways the answer to a golfer's dream! You'll play like a million because you'll feel like a million—and the tang and tonic of Greenbrier's climate will help you look your best and feel your best every fun-packed moment. And golf is not all. There is swimming in a sun-splashed, glass-enclosed pool, tennis on championship courts, skeet, riding, and a host of other recreations. Of course, you'll take advantage of the baths at Greenbrier's world-famous Spa offering the epitome in rejuvenative therapy. You'll love the nights at Greenbrier—the incomparable dance music of a Meyer Davis orchestra, the magic merriment that pervades the whole atmosphere.

So why not plan a stay at The Greenbrier. Rates but \$19.00 per day, per person, including wonderful Greenbrier meals.

The Greenbrier

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA

Early reservations advisable. New York, 30 Rockefeller Plaza—JU 6-2225

Chicago, 77 West Washington Street—RA 6-0625

Washington, Continental Bldg.—RE 2642 • Boston, 73 Tremont St.—LA 3-4497

CANADA

Nothing to Hide

Along with the normal hazards of sunburn, goose-pimples, stone bruises, poison ivy and chiggers, Canada's nudists share with their brethren in other parts of the world a carking problem: how to get their pictures in the newspaper, thus winning a little helpful publicity for the cult. If they show too much, the postal authorities get stuffy; if too little, the serious point about *Nackkultur* may be lost.

Last week, on a mountain slope near Vancouver, in buff-naked conclave assembled, 95 nudists held a contest to choose



Leo Agopowicz

NUDISTS' ROYAL FAMILY

A carking problem.

their Royal Family. As Queen they selected Housewife Lyla Olson, 23; as King, Dan ("Tiny") McDonald, a jolly, 210-lb. carpenter. Along with a prince and princess, the regal pair then had their picture taken, discreetly screened by silver trophies and bouquets. Explained one member: "We've nothing to hide."

Special Delivery

When the Rev. L. G. Barnhart, a Baptist preacher in Roman Catholic Quebec, investigated the disappearance of the sermons he mailed to the village of Ste. Germaine, he made a startling discovery. They were being turned over to the priest at Ste. Germaine, the Rev. Alfred Roy, who burned them. Such letters, said Father Roy, "would give people wrong ideas. They can't take me to court for that, can they?" Said Archbishop Léger of Montreal last week: "The church . . . calls upon all people of good will not to implicate the whole church in a culpable act of one of its members."

De Luxe:
specially
elegant...
uncommon.
WEBSTER



*Walker's De Luxe is a straight Bourbon whiskey,
elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. 86 Proof.

PEOPLE

The Social Graces

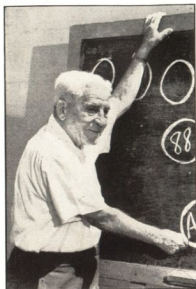
Interviewed for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Washington's No. 1 unofficial hostess **Gwendolyn Cafritz** carefully explained why she does not invite **Mr. & Mrs. Harry Truman** to her parties: "I never invited Mr. Truman when he was a Senator, which was my mistake. I never had anything against him. It's just that I never thought the Trumans attracted me. I only ask people that are really exciting. Besides, Mr. Truman doesn't like to talk to ladies." How about Senator **Joe McCarthy**? "Joe's a friend of mine, but I haven't invited him this year. I just can't take it any more." Had she ever honored Price Boss **Mike Di Salle** with an invitation? "No, he wouldn't look nice around my table. I like my tables to be filled with attractive women and handsome men, people like General **Hoyt Vandenberg**, who couldn't look more divine, and **Tony Biddle**, who just looks wonderful."

When they get word that five-star Generals **Omar Bradley** and **George C. Marshall** were checking into Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, current residence of five-star General **Douglas MacArthur**, and that Vice President **Alben W. Barkley** was also arriving, hotel protocol experts went into a huddle, reached a solution that seemed to satisfy everyone. MacArthur's red five-star flag, usually flown at the front entrance, was moved around to another door in honor of all three generals. The white Veep flag (13 stars and the American eagle) was hoisted over the main door. But later the experts learned that their solution was not quite right after all. As Secretary of Defense, General Marshall rated his own blue standard (four stars and an eagle).

The British Broadcasting Corp. caught a blast from fiery Conductor **Sir Thomas Beecham** when it offered him a picaresque fee of \$60 for a broadcast of his arrangement of Michael Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl*. The "arrangement," wrote Sir Thomas, already a bit edgy from an attack of gout, "has involved the thoughts of 25 years . . . at no time and nowhere in the course of a long career have I received such a preposterously inadequate, thoughtlessly impudent and magnificently inept offer from anyone." Thoroughly sated by the explosion, an abashed BBC hastily made a "substantially higher" offer, and Sir Thomas accepted.

Among the swank set at Deauville, France there were two versions as to how **Aly Khan** picked up the massive shiner on his right eye. Popular version: dining at a restaurant without his usual companion of late, Cinematress **Joan Fontaine**, he let his eye rove too obviously toward a nearby beauty whose husband's aim was right on target. Aly's story: "My physical instructor hit me accidentally with his head."

Since he had failed to reduce in time to meet the deadline for his new picture,



AMOS ALONZO STAGG (AT 89)
Don't fuss.

M-G-M postponed its shooting schedule, sadly announced that it had shipped its 240-lb. singing star **Mario Lanza** (TIME, Aug. 6) off to the Oregon woods to diet, chop wood for a month, and slim down to a reasonable 180 lbs.

After almost five months in Britain, Cinematress **Judy Garland** arrived in Manhattan chubbier by several pounds. Said she: "Right now I'm overdoing this pleasingly plump business. But I don't care. I never felt better in my life. Special dieting to knock off the poundage in a hurry for a picture is really murder. That's what was wrong with me early this year



BERNARD BARUCH (AT 81)
Don't bellyache.

when I had a nervous breakdown. And for that reason I certainly sympathize with people like Mario Lanza. This time I'm going to take diet and reducing much slower."

The Young in Heart

In Stockton, Calif., **Amos Alonzo Stagg**, football's lean and slipped pantaloon, sat down to his 86th birthday dinner (half cup of pea soup, two ears of corn, peaches and milk—"Never any fuss about birthdays at our house") and made plans for his 62nd year of coaching. This fall he will return to Susquehanna University, Selingsgrove, Pa., where he has been co-coach with his son Amos Alonzo Jr., 52, for the past four years.

To honor Hometown Rhymester **Edgar A. Guest** on his 76th birthday, Detroit proclaimed an official "Eddie Guest Day" with a band concert and engraved scroll, but banned other gifts. Reason: the committee was afraid donors would take up all the program time making speeches.

Muscleman **Bernarr** ("Body Love") **Macfadden**, who made a parachute jump on his 81st birthday, changed his mind about parachuting into the Niagara River to celebrate his 83rd, decided instead to mark the event at home in Dansville, N.Y. by simply eating a whole wheat cake and announcing a prize of \$1,000 for the best three-act play about his life.

On his 81st birthday in Manhattan, Elder Statesman **Bernard Baruch** posed beside a mammoth birthday cake ("I can't tell you who sent it. The same person who has sent it to me for 50 years would be very annoyed with me if I told you it was") and gave some advice for the troubled times: "Don't bellyache. Get out and work—this country will pull through."

Out of the Past

The Paris Opéra Ballet announced plans to move the body of Dancer **Waslaw Nijinsky** from London, where he died last year, and give it a final place of honor in the Montmartre Cemetery next to the grave of **Auguste Vestris**, France's ballet idol at the end of the 18th Century.

In London, a group of prominent clergy and laymen proposed that St. George's Church in Gravesend, where **Pocahontas**, wife of John Rolfe and savior of Captain **John Smith**, has been buried since 1617, be dedicated as a shrine to Christian unity. Said the London *Times*: "One who tried to reconcile her own primitive American people with the invading white men is perhaps no bad patroness for a church dedicated . . . to the idea of unity—unity both of the American and British nations and of the Christian churches. It should be a matter of pride to see that the appeal now launched is as well supported in this country as elsewhere."

Near Bordentown, N.J. the 476-ft. *Grille*, once proud pleasure yacht of **Adolf Hitler**, later bought by Textile Millionaire **George Arida**, went under the torches of a salvage crew, to be cut up and sent to the national defense scrap pile.



Telfer
COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.



Mr. A. J. Telfer, Cooperstown, N.Y., still takes pictures with the eighty-year old studio camera made by Anthony, parent company of Ansco.

(LEFT) Photograph by Mr. Telfer in 1881, taken with his Anthony camera.

Eighty years old . . . and still working!

Mr. A. J. Telfer, of Cooperstown, N.Y., age ninety-two, a professional photographer for seventy-two years! . . . is still using an eighty-year Anthony 8x10 camera!

Of this and another Anthony camera made in 1881, he says "They still take dagger-sharp pictures today, and will, to the end of time, give them the chance. . . ." Thousands of pictures, old and new are Mr. Telfer's testimonials for his Anthony cameras.

E. A. Anthony in 1842 was one of the first makers of this country's cameras and photographic materials, supplied cameras

and chemicals and paper for Mathew Brady, the famous Civil War photographer. From a later merger of the Anthony and SCOVILL companies came ANSCO.

ANTHONY made fine cameras . . . Ansco still does. Among professional photographers, the Ansco often outlasts the cameraman. In millions of families, an Ansco gives a second generation dependable service and precious pictures.

A Division of General Aniline, Ansco is today the country's second largest maker of

cameras, films, photographic supplies. Now Ansco's hundred years experience and its tradition of fine workmanship is reinforced by General Aniline's research resources.

General Aniline is also the leading US producer of quality dyestuffs, and a major supplier of industrial chemicals (sold by General Dyestuff Corporation) . . . makes Ozalid reproducing machines and sensitized papers.

General Aniline contributes to your welfare . . . is a good company to work for and with, and worth knowing better!

General Aniline & Film Corporation

. . . From Research to Reality . . . 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Now...an oil that cuts engine

NEW



- ✓ This new oil reduces engine wear to an unprecedented minimum!
- ✓ It prevents plugging and sticking of piston rings, greatly reducing oil consumption! It also prevents oil-starvation of vital engine parts caused by clogged oil screens!
- ✓ It keeps hydraulic valve lifters from sticking!

GULFPRIDE H.D.
OFFERS 3 BIG
ADVANTAGES



- 1.** Gulfpride H.D. cuts engine wear under ALL conditions to an unprecedented minimum. Under short-trip, low-mileage driving conditions (the kind of driving most of us do) Gulfpride H.D. actually cuts engine wear by as much as 80%! Think what that can save you in repair bills! And remember this—with Gulfpride H.D. your oil consumption will be much lower throughout the life of your car!

Get Gulfpride H.D.

GULFPRIDE H.D. (high detergency) is a *SUPER*-detergent oil. In fact, it contains a higher percentage of detergent and dispersant additives than other oils generally available at service stations.

Gulfpride H. D. also contains base stock refined by Gulf's exclusive Alchlor

wear by as much as 80%!

GULFPRIDE H. D.

(HIGH DETERGENCY)

HERE is the most remarkable motor oil ever offered to passenger car owners—Gulfpride H.D.!

This great new oil—a product of Gulf research and engineering know-how—has been five years in the making. *And it has been proved in 14 million miles of test driving!*

Gulf scientists started the development of this oil with the knowledge that engines wear out faster in ordinary day-to-day stop-and-go service than in any other kind of driving.

Their goal was to develop a lubricant that would preserve and protect car engines against those contaminants resulting from fuel combustion—soot, acid, rust, varnish and sludge—which wear out engines too soon in ordinary day-to-day service.



2. Gulfpride H.D. prevents the clogging and sticking of piston rings—reduces oil consumption and maintains compression. It also reduces formation of sludge in the crankcase, and of varnish, carbon, or gum deposits on vital engine parts, to a degree never before thought possible. Gulfpride H.D. keeps oil screens clean, too, so engine parts aren't robbed of the lubrication they need.

Gulfpride H.D. has been developed to meet these conditions fully. Following exhaustive laboratory tests, this new oil was subjected to what is believed to be the most thorough driving test ever undertaken for a motor oil.

More than 800 cars and trucks of various makes—and driven by as many different drivers—were used during this three and a half years of road testing. These vehicles were driven a total of 14 MILLION MILES.

The test included all types of driving terrain over an extreme range of driving temperatures and speeds.

At the conclusion, results showed Gulfpride H.D. to be superior in three ways vitally important to the American motorist!



3. Gulfpride H.D. keeps the hydraulic valve lifters—which many new cars have—working smoothly, quietly, and free from harmful deposits. Even minute varnish deposits on plungers or barrels of these high-precision mechanisms can cause faulty operation and valve failure. Ask your Gulf dealer if your motor has the type of valve lifter which requires a high detergency oil.

for your car NOW!

process. This process, as thousands upon thousands of motorists know, is the *extra* refining step that has made Gulfpride the World's Finest Motor Oil.

This great new oil, that gives your car so much more protection, naturally costs a few cents more per quart. But its extra

cost is only a trifle compared with the high cost of engine repairs that Gulfpride H.D. may save you.

To keep the engine of your new car clean, or to stop the further formation of harmful deposits in an older engine, ask your Gulf dealer for great, new Gulfpride H.D. (high detergency).



Gulf Oil Corporation
•
Gulf Refining Company

SO PLANES WON'T STUB THEIR TOES



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., INC.

MODERN air transportation leaves nothing to chance to insure the safety of its passengers.

Connected with each plane's throttle, for one example, is an automatic signal horn. If, for any reason, a plane's wheels are not locked in proper position for landing, this dependable aerial "prompter" reminds the pilot of that fact... sounds a warning clearly heard above the roar of his motors.

The Edwards Landing Gear Horn is used by leading airlines of

the nation. This indispensable device is one more of the many Edwards products and systems that today spell greater safety and efficiency for all Americans throughout their daily living.

You, too, may have a Signaling Problem

Whatever your need in electric signaling... a musical door chime for the home or a communications or fire alarm system for hospital, school, business or industry, Edwards can help you. Write on your business letterhead to Dept. T-8, Edwards Co., Inc., Norwalk, Conn.



In Hospitals. Edwards Soft-Speaking Nurses Call System makes life easier for patient and nurse. Patient can make known her needs before nurse goes to the bedside. Saves steps, time, effort.



In Schools. Edwards Clock and Program Controls regulate time and traffic with split-second accuracy. No master clock needed. Edwards systems operate for years with minimum servicing and maintenance.

EDWARDS

World's Most Reliable Time, Communication and Protection Products

MEDICINE

The Wrong Bottle

In a laboratory of the University of South Dakota at Vermillion last week, young (28) Dr. Louis F. Michalek blacked the foreheads of two human guinea pigs with India ink to make the skin more heat-absorbent. The doctor tested their "pain threshold" with the heat from a 1,000-watt lamp. After taking their normal readings, Dr. Michalek reached for a pain-killing drug to inject. He meant to give them Demerol (safe dose: 100 milligrams). Then he would repeat the test on a third volunteer and himself, using methadon (safe dose: 10 milligrams). More



Associated Press

DR. LOUIS MICHALEK

"I think . . . maybe . . . perhaps."

pain readings were to follow, to show the effect of the drugs.

Dr. Michalek gave 100-milligram injections to Jack Clifford, 30, a lab technician, and Mrs. Ardy Pearson, 26, a secretary. As he reached for the methadon bottle to give the much smaller injections to another secretary and himself, the physician drew back in shock. He had used that bottle the first time. He looked quickly at Mrs. Pearson; she was already in deep distress. Dr. Michalek called for antidotes. Then he picked up the phone and told the dean: "I think that maybe I might have made a mistake on the dosage, perhaps."

There was no perhaps about it. Dr. Michalek had given tenfold doses of methadon to both Clifford and Mrs. Pearson. He injected antidotes, and stimulants (oxygen, Benzedrine, adrenalin) were given later in Dakota Hospital. But within 24 hours of what started as a routine experiment, Dr. Michalek stood by Clifford's bedside as he died, then at Mrs. Pearson's and saw her die, too.

At the inquest, State's Attorney Martin

Weeks asked: "Were the bottles labeled?"

"Yes," said Michalek.

"Did you read them?"

"Yes."

"Then how do you account for this mistake?"

Looking earnestly at his inquisitor through heavy-rimmed glasses, Dr. Michalek said: "It's one of those things you can't account for. You check it, and then you just don't know how to account for it."

Boys, Girls & Hormones

If father is bald, the baby is most likely to be a boy. But if father has gout, the chances are it will be a girl. These are the conclusions of Marianne E. Bernstein, a former Fulbright fellow who specializes in reducing the facts of life to cold figures.

Biometrist Bernstein does not believe that baldness or gout have a direct effect on the sex of children. Her theory is that the sex ratio is tied up with the parents' hormone balance: she regards baldness as a sign that the father's male hormones are especially dominant, while gout suggests a shortage of male hormones.

Similarly, she believes that the "degree of maleness" which decides a man's choice of career will influence the sex of his children. Among 5,400 children whose fathers were members of the armed forces, business executives, politicians, lawyers, farmers, or abstract scientists, she found that boys outnumbered girls six to five. But, she reports in *Science*, the ratio was exactly reversed in those families where the fathers had taken up professions in which women often excel men—as actors, social workers, teachers, fiction writers and artists.

By this theory, gout should be commoner among teachers than tycoons. Marianne Bernstein neglects to say which side will win if a child is fathered by a bald-headed man with gout.

Light After Darkness

Mrs. Frank Cerra of Scranton, Pa. could not see her newborn son: while the baby was being delivered, she had gone totally blind. Her doctor told her that she had had an optic hemorrhage. Mrs. Cerra went to an oculist: he told her she would never see again. That was eleven years ago.

Early this month, Mary Cerra, 38, complained of arthritis, went to a doctor for treatment. That night, she awakened with a start. She was sure she had seen something earlier in the day—the scales in the doctor's office. Now, she was equally sure, she could see the bedroom clock.

Mrs. Cerra did not waken her husband; she wanted to make sure it was not a cruel trick of her imagination. Next day, she got her daughter Mary Ann to take her back to the doctor's. On the way, she shook off Mary Ann's guiding arm. In the office, she pointed and asked: "Isn't there a scale over in that corner?" There was. The doctor tested brown-eyed Mrs. Cerra with



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MRS. CERRA WITH JOSEPH & MARY ANN
"He's handsome—just handsome."

colored and lettered charts. She had regained partial vision.

Mary Cerra hurried to the hospital where Joseph, the son she had never seen, was laid up with rheumatic fever. All she could say was: "He's handsome—just handsome."

Through her years of darkness, Mrs. Cerra had never lost faith or hope. She prayed continually, made novena after novena. Now, though doctors have hinted that she may not keep her sight, she refuses to worry. She is having too good a time studying faces, fashions and colors. "During the dark days," she says, "I couldn't imagine what lavender looked like. Now I can see it, but, you know, I've got so I don't like it."

Measured Milers

Like many another track fan, Dr. R. W. Parnell, physician in charge of Oxford's student health service, has often wondered what makes one athlete better than another. The obvious generalities didn't satisfy him. Hefty, well-muscled specimens usually make better shot-putters than the long, lanky types that might be high jumpers. Good runners usually have large hearts and slow pulses. But are there certain inborn physical characteristics that make one athlete a miler and another a dash man, one athlete a champion—and another an also-ran?

Last week in Edinburgh, Dr. Parnell told the British Association for the Advancement of Science that he thought he had the answer. After testing 583 Oxford students, he had found some striking differences between athletes and non-athletes, and between athletes in different events, had reduced his findings to a mathematical formula. The formula: using the metric system, divide a man's height by the cube root of his weight; multiply the result by the diameter of his heart (measured by X ray), and multiply again by his

leg length. Middle and long-distance runners ought to score over 15,500; sprinters ought to score less. The highest man scored 18,869. "I predict," announced the doctor boldly, "that this student will break the mile record at Helsinki." A good many nonscientists were ready to agree. The high scorer: Britain's standout miler, Roger Bannister, who ran away from the best distance men in the U.S. at the Penn Relays last spring (TIME, May 7).

British scientists at last week's meeting also heard that a few of their colleagues had all but solved one of the biggest problems in artificial insemination: the preservation of sperm over long periods. Frozen in a solution of glycerin (which acts as a cushion, preventing ice crystals from destroying cell life), spermatozoa from rabbits and poultry have already been preserved for as long as 33 days. "We have . . . to contemplate," said Dr. A. S. Parkes of London's National Institute for Medical Research, "the possibility of an animal begetting progeny long after its death . . . We have also to realize that a similar possibility will exist for man . . . It is one that will disturb deeply many who regard themselves as more than mere germ plasm containers. Time has lost its significance."

Last Chapter

When radio "hams" helped to get vials of the new drug Varidase rushed to a sick girl in Portugal a fortnight ago (TIME, Aug. 20), the girl's father said: "God bless radio and aviation [whatever happens]." The drug brought brief improvement. Radio Amateur Fred von Rekowsky, in New York City, kept up two-way talk with an amateur in Portugal, checking on the girl's progress. This week he heard the end of the chapter: despite everything, nine-year-old Branca Maria Medina dos Santos was dead of tuberculous meningitis.

Are You on a Salt-Free Diet?

This message is of special interest to physicians, dietitians, hospital executives and the hundreds of thousands of persons on medically prescribed low sodium diets.

The Armour Research Division has developed a method of extracting much of the sodium inherent in certain meats without significant loss of the nutritive elements present. Result: A variety of special meat dishes as much as 95% lower in sodium than comparable regular meat dishes!

This is one of the most significant and dramatic dietetic developments in recent years! It means that many thousands of persons on strict salt-free diets may now once again relish such appetizing dishes as beef stew, chile con carne and beef hash.

Announcement of the perfection of this process was made only a few weeks ago. Commercial production was quickly worked out and today a varied line of low sodium meat products packed by Armour is available in virtually every key market coast-to-coast under the brand name "Hilsom".

These meat dishes* will be a boon to the hundreds of thousands of persons on medically-prescribed low sodium or salt-free diets because they add variety, appetite-appeal and valuable protein to an otherwise bland and monotonous diet. They are a boon also to doctor and dietitian who strive to be ever more resourceful in suggesting low sodium foods of sufficient variety to keep a person faithful to this diet. Hospital dietitians will find them both practical and economical to use.

There are five products now available—beef stew, beef and gravy, meat sauce, beef hash and chile con carne. They are packed in 5½ ounce individual portions, pre-cooked ready to be heated and served. The missing salt-taste is compensated for by selected spices and flavorings. Each can is clearly labeled stating the maximum sodium content of each portion so patient, doctor and dietitian can precisely evaluate the sodium intake.

The processes employed, the chemical analysis of each product and all pertinent data are on file with the United States Department of Agriculture—Bureau of Animal Industries, the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association and the American Dietetic Association.

These new low sodium meat products answer a long-felt consumer need and provide a service to the doctor, dietitian and hospital executive. They are immediately available to hospitals and institutions through regular wholesale grocery channels and to individuals through leading local grocery retailers coast to coast.

Comparison of Sodium content in milligrams per 100 grams.

	Hilsom	Regular Product
Beef Hash	26	810
Meat Sauce	8	175
Beef Stew	28	650
Chile Con Carne	38	560
Beef & Gravy	29	440

3½ ounces = 100 grams

HILSOM LOW SODIUM FOODS

are now available. For the names of retail stores or wholesale grocers who carry the Hilsom line, contact:

STATE	CITY	BROKER
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Ariz.	Phoenix	Harold Brokerage Co.
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Calif.	San Francisco	Ed Lilly Co.
	Los Angeles	Bessemer-Ridout Co.
Calif.	Denver	Clarke-Thurber-Riggs Co.
Wash., D. C.	Washington	Walsh Leeman Co.
Fla.	Miami	Florida Food Sales
	Jacksonville	Florida Food Sales
Ga.	Atlanta	Loeb-Apte Co.
Ill.	Chicago	Luman H. Wing & Co.
	Peoria	Mark R. Hurd & Co.
Ind.	Indianapolis	Elliott-Roberts Co., Inc.
Kans.	Wichita	George B. Sylvester Co.
	Kansas City	O'Connor-Thompson Brokerage Co.
Ky.	Louisville	Koehler-Spalding Co.
La.	New Orleans	Freestring Brokerage Co., Inc.
Me.	Baltimore	Penn Sales Co., Inc.
Mass.	Boston	Cole & Sides Co.
Mich.	Detroit	Charles K. Stone Co.
	Detroit	H. O. Clancy
Minn.	Duluth	Pearling Brokerage Co.
	Minneapolis	Smith-Flammig, Inc.
	St. Louis	Fischer Brokerage Co.
Mo.	St. Louis	B. J. Foley & Co.
Nab.	Omaha	Chavoustie, Hinman Co.
N. Y.	Albany	Chavoustie, Hinman Co.
	Syracuse	Chavoustie, Hinman Co.
	Utica	Chavoustie, Hinman Co.
	Buffalo	Bemmes-Bredenberg Co.
	New York	Dudley & Weist, Inc.
	Cincinnati	Frank C. Glueck & Co.
	Cleveland	The Paul E. Kroehle Co.
	Columbus	Paul Bailey & Co.
	Dayton	C. L. Kraft & Co.
	Toledo	Howard Fenton Co.
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Pa.	Erie	Howard J. Jones
	Scranton	James G. Brown Co.
	Philadelphia	Taylor & Almore, Inc.
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S. C.	Florence	Joe E. Powell & Co.
Tenn.	Memphis	Dunsmuir & Faston
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	Corpus Christi	Marty Brokerage Co.
Tex.	San Antonio	McCarty Brokerage Co.
	Dallas	Whitson-Bowen Co.
	Fort Worth	Whitson-Bowen Co.
	Houston	Oliver-Taylor-Bell Co.
	Salt Lake City	Taft & Co.
Utah	Richmond	Julian W. Black & Co.
Va.	Seattle	Kelley-Clarke Co.
Wash.	Seattle	Kelley-Clarke Co.
Wisc.	Milwaukee	Colvin-Schlick Co.

*Produced in accordance with regulations and under supervision of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, B.A.I.



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Better sight...better sound...better buy



**Chosen "best of winners"
at Gordon Setter show!**

Handler Charles Crane poses *Halenfred Bright Deil* after the Gordon Setter added 5 more points toward its dog show record at the Gordon Setter Specialty Show, Trenton, N. J. Says Crane, "Deil's glossy coat and his amazing stamina have always been something to admire—thanks to his well-balanced diet. As a matter of fact, his abundance of energy is the reason he was named 'Deil,' which is Scottish for 'devil.' There's no doubt in my mind that Armour's Dash Dog Food is playing a mighty important part in bringing this fellow along so quickly toward his championship!" Start your dog on Dash today!

Dash—fortified with liver!

THE PRESS

Hail and Farewell

High atop San Francisco's Nob Hill, the mourners and the curious crowded into massive, neo-Gothic Grace Cathedral. The great copper casket was carried into the arched, flower-filled chancel and set between two crosses of white lilies. From the *Book of Common Prayer*, the Rt. Rev. Karl Morgan Block, Episcopal Bishop of California, intoned the funeral service, without sermon or eulogy. At that moment, in the grimy office of the *Examiner*, a few blocks away, and in Hearst papers across the land, typewriters and

*Then the water harked back to the mountain top,
To begin its course once more,
So we shall run the course begun
Till we reach the silent shore.
Then revisit earth in a pure rebirth
From the heart of the virgin snow.
So don't ask why we live or die,
Or whither, or when, we go,
Or wonder about the mysteries
That only God may know.*

In her weeds, William Randolph Hearst's widow, almost a stranger to him for his last 29 years, walked slowly around the casket. As the family and friends depart-



MILlicent HEARST & SONS* AT FUNERAL
The river had reached the silent sea.

linotypes stilled their clatter, and for a few minutes the plants lay in silence. William Randolph Hearst had stopped the presses for the last time.

Song of the River. His funeral took place almost within sight of the house where he was born and of the daily on which he pyramided an empire. He was buried last week as he liked to live, in a blaze of regal pomp. The governor was there, the mayor, notables of publishing, screen, stage and public affairs. A movie-studio publicist shepherded the press. Flashbulbs blinked, newsreel cameras whirled. Somewhere in the crowd of 1,500, a woman fainted.

An escort of motorcycle police guided the cortege of 22 black limousines to the cemetery. In the bright noon sunlight, dappling through Japanese plum trees, the casket was placed on a grassy knoll before the marble-columned mausoleum where Hearst's parents lie. Bishop Block read a poem, *The Song of the River*, which W.R. himself had written for his papers in 1941:

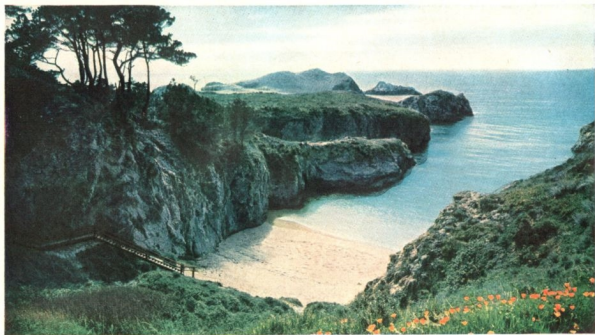
*The river ran its allotted span
Till it reached the silent sea.*

ed, the curious lingered, plucked souvenirs from the hundreds of wreaths.

Song of Sorrow. Oldtime Cinemactress Marion Davies, the woman who had shared his life for three decades, did not attend. At her spreading Beverly Hills home, where Hearst had spent his last days and where he died, she told a nurse: "I had thought I might go to church this morning, but I will just stay here alone. He knew how I felt about him, and I know how he felt about me."

On the day after his death, she sat behind drawn shades, Hearst's doleful dachshund Helena beside her. She absently whispered a song: "Little old lady in a big red room, little old lady..." To a visiting newsmen, she spoke of happier days: "About four and a half years ago, we came here and quieted down. Before that, it was San Simeon and guests all the time. Hundreds of them. Oh, it was gay, let me tell you! We were riding and swimming and playing tennis, and Mr. Hearst was very

* From front to back: George, William R. Jr., John, Randolph, David.



SEASON AFTER SEASON, TOURISTS ENJOY THE ENDURING BEAUTY OF THIS SHELTERED COVE ON POINT LOBOS, CALIFORNIA.

Strength that challenges the years...

We choose the scene above not just to catch your eye—but to suggest to you the exceptional endurance of Lincoln cars.

More than ever before, perhaps, long life and dependability are in the thoughts of those about to invest in a fine automobile. If you are in this group, we respectfully urge you to

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Ask the owner of a Lincoln about the car he drives. Learn just a little of the pride and satisfaction that can be yours for less than you probably imagine. Then pay a visit to your Lincoln dealer's showroom, and inspect the

Lincoln Cosmopolitan and the Lincoln.

When you see automobiles like these, you want to drive them—and that is just what you should do. Take a Lincoln out on the road, and know what proud owners mean when they insist that, "Nothing could be Finer."

LINCOLN DIVISION—FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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Nothing could be finer— **Lincoln**



SAFETY PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY

by *Wilbur Shaw*

For Your Protection on the Highway



With Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of the Indianapolis Race, now president of the Speedway, at the wheel, tire was blown to shreds at 90 mph, yet there was no swerve, no tug at the steering wheel!



In another amazing safety test, Shaw drove the new Firestone Supreme over a board full of 4-inch spikes, yet there was no loss of air, because the Firestone Supreme seals punctures instantly.



The new Firestone Supreme has been thoroughly tested under all service conditions on the highway. In Speedway tests, tire was first purposely damaged so it would blow out, then inflated to 24 pounds.

After driving over a mile at high speed on the blown-out tire, Shaw brought the car to a normal stop and there were still 18 pounds of air in the tire, proof that Firestone Supreme is the safest tire ever built.



Another Proof that Your Safety is Our Business at Firestone

Announcing THE WORLD'S
FIRST AND ONLY BLOWOUT-SAFE,
PUNCTURE-PROOF, TUBELESS TIRE

The Revolutionary New
**Firestone
Supreme**

HERE is a tire so completely safe that it marks the beginning of a new era in highway safety. Any tire, even of the tubeless, puncture-proof type, will blow out if the tire body is torn open by a large, sharp object. But the new Firestone Supreme has a patented construction that gives you the protection you have always wanted against the dangers of all blowouts and punctures.

Firestone is cooperating with the Government in conserving critical materials, so production of the Firestone Supreme is now limited. But when the present national emergency ends, you will be able to equip your car with the world's first and ONLY blowout-safe, puncture-proof, tubeless tire, the Firestone Supreme, the ultimate in tire safety, strength, economy and mileage.

Here's How the New Firestone Supreme Eliminates the Dangers of Blowouts and Punctures



Cross-section at left shows inner diaphragm with safety valve. Diagram at right shows how safety valve closes if tire blows out, retaining a large volume of air.



Cross-section at left shows how diaphragm is deflected when nail punctures tire. Diagram at right shows how soft rubber inner layer seals hole without loss of air.

HEAD MEN IN THE HEARST EMPIRE

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST JR.

Second, ablest and most energetic of the Hearst sons, tall (6 ft. 1 in.) and balding at 43, he looks remarkably like his father, but lacks old W.R.'s iron will and steel-trap mind. But of all the sons, Bill has worked hardest at earning his newspaper spurs. While attending a small military academy in San Rafael, Calif., he spent his vacations working as a



Acme

"flyboy" in the New York *Mirror* pressroom, after two years at University of California left school to work as a police-station cub for the old New York *American*. At 23, he was boosted up to be president, and stayed on the job with the merged *Journal-American*. He learned to fly his own plane, did his share of nightclubbing, in World War II went to Europe as a zealous if undistinguished correspondent. The Chief himself edited his copy, wired him to stop writing about bombing raids until he flew in one (Bill did). At war's end, pleased old W.R. made him publisher of the prized *American Weekly* on top of his *Journal-American* job, and Bill was clearly marked as the empire's crown prince. Twice divorced, he was married three years ago to pretty Austine ("Bootsie") Cassini, society gossipist for Washington's McCormick-owned *Times-Herald* (her column is now Hearst-syndicated) and ex-wife of the *Journal-American*'s own Igor (Cholly Knickerbocker) Cassini. The Hearsts shuttle between Washington and Manhattan, have one child, two-year-old William Randolph III.

RICHARD EMMETT BERLIN

A top executive under W.R. for the past ten years. Massive, dressy Dick Berlin, 57, got his start as a shipping clerk after a high-school education in his native Omaha. Full of Irish charm and aggressiveness, he served as a World War I naval lieutenant, began his career in the Hearst organization, without knowing it, when he met Mrs. Hearst at a party given for World War I servicemen. Charmed with Lieut. Berlin, Mrs. Hearst got him a postwar job selling advertising for Hearst's *Motor Boating* magazine. He was such a star salesman that he rose to be general manager of all Hearst magazines in 1930, helped keep the whole empire from foundering in its Depression crisis, stepped into the presidency of the Hearst Corp. in 1941 and bossed the empire's reorganization. Long a bachelor, he married Bronxville (N.Y.) Debutante Muriel ("Honey") Johnson in 1939, now has four children; Bridgit, 12; Richie, 11; Christina, 4; and Richard Emmett Jr., 4 mos. He is active in Roman Catholic lay circles (a Knight of Malta), an admirer and friend of Manhattan's Francis Cardinal Spellman. In the empire, subordinates both respect and fear him. He bombards underlings with memos signed with his unmistakable trademark, a big "D." Nervous in temperament, he is an able executive, a master of office politics and the laws of power. Dick Berlin, prime minister of the old regime, has now entrenched himself as the prime minister of the new.



International

active then, I remember the animals at San Simeon, and how we used to throw pebbles at the lions. We were always running, always doing something."

She was glad that he had managed to keep active, mentally at least, almost to the end. "He wrote three editorials in this last month—one on Eisenhower in Europe, one on Korea and I forget the other." When he entered his final coma, she sat all night by his bed until the small hours of morning, finally agreed to let the attending doctor give her a sedative, was asleep when death came.

When she awakened, Hearst's sons had already removed their father's body, and the Hearst sons and retainers, summoned for the great man's end, had vanished. Said Marion Davies: "They didn't even let me say goodbye." Most of Hearst's effects were removed at the same time. On the bedside desk remained only a calling card (General of the Army Douglas MacArthur), and a large photograph of Miss Davies, which he had always kept beside him. It was inscribed "To W.R. from Marion," with a quotation from *Romeo and Juliet*:

*My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.*

Only a few days before, she had been The Chief's principal link with his empire, relaying his telephoned commands: "The Chief suggests . . ." The Hearstpapers had chronicled her every move. Now they stopped mentioning her. Even her courier-delivered daily copies of the two Los Angeles Hearstpapers were summarily cut off.

The New Order. This sudden change in the old order of things was quickly manifested in other ways. Within 20 minutes of The Chief's death, Richard E. Berlin, top operating boss of the Hearst chain, swept into the Davies home, told the guards and nurses: "You are all working for me now." Berlin, now second only to William Randolph Hearst Jr. in power, was likely to take a bigger share of command all down the empire's line. Both Hearst and Berlin well knew the empire



Loomis Dean—Life

MARION DAVIES
She did not get to say goodbye.

was ailing; in 1951's first six months, even the profits of its major newspaper operating company had shown a disturbing drop from \$3,599,800 to \$1,322,700, due partly to dwindling advertising in the onetime money-coining Sunday supplement *American Weekly* (circ. 9,374,850).

One casualty was the *Weekly's* editor, aging (69) Walter Howey, prototype of *The Front Page's* Managing Editor Walter Burns. Just four days before his death, Hearst removed Howey and replaced him with mild Ken McCaleb, 50, who had done an able job of sparking up the New York *Mirror's* Sunday magazine. Howey, himself one of the eight executors named in Hearst's will,* remains as an "editorial consultant" and editor of the Boston Hearstpapers, but reportedly his power is on the wane.

Those closest to young Hearst predict that he will soon drop such Hearstian acts as antivivisection campaigns, try to get a note of restraint into editorials. Young Bill has a tough job; the Hearst chain, long faltering, was saved mainly by the lush advertising of World War II and the ensuing boom, plus stringent economies. Most of the top brass is now 60 or over, and new blood is needed in the top command. In Hearst shops, the talk is that young Bill will want some changes made.

* The others, all high Hearstlings: Berlin; Martin Hubert, seventyish, board chairman of Hearst Corp.; the Baltimore *News-Post's* William Baskerville, 63; the Boston *Record and American's* Harold Kern, 53; the Los Angeles *Examiner's* Richard Carrington Jr., 62; the New York *Journal-American's* William Curley, seventyish; Hearst's personal lawyer, Henry S. MacKay Jr., 60, of Los Angeles.

RELIGION

Village of Love

It was planned as a place where men & women could come from all over the world to work and pray and search in each other's company for God. It was to be a place in which there would be no more Italians or Americans or Germans, Lutherans or Calvinists or Episcopalians—only Christians. It started in the head or the heart of a young Florentine, Tullio Vinay. He was an Italian Protestant, a Waldensian pastor.

Labor & Prayer. Vinay chose a site in the Piedmontese foothills, where his Waldensian ancestors had held out for centuries against papal persecutions.* There, in



Religious News Service

TULLIO VINAY

For Christians, a common act.

1946, he and seven friends started to build a "community of love." They called it "Agape" (pronounced a-ga-pay)—the Greek word for brotherly love, which is translated in the English versions of the New Testament as "charity."

Tullio and his friends felled trees, cracked rocks and poured foundations. More & more people turned up to lend a hand. Some were prominent churchmen, like Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, World Council of Churches secretary-general, who laid bricks, and Anglican Bishop Stephen Neill, who trundled wheelbarrows of stones. British judges, French attor-

* The Waldensians, who like to think of themselves as the first Protestants, were followers of a French merchant named Peter Waldo. They publicly objected to papal pomp and corruption, and in the 13th Century were driven into the hills, where they managed to survive despite sporadic attempts to exterminate them. One massacre inspired Milton to write his famed sonnet:

*Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold . . .*

neys, professional men from all over Europe worked side by side with 1,000-odd young men & women to build a village devoted to Christian labor and prayer.

Work v. Theology. The idea of labor as a form of prayer is central at Agape, as it is at the 13-year-old community at Iona, off the Scottish coast (TIME, Feb. 3, 1947). This is the time in history, thinks Vinay, when cooperative manual work is the essential Christian activity, just as theology or faith was central in earlier centuries. Says Waldensian Carlo Lupo: "With all the respect we have for ecumenical councils and for doctors of theology, we must recognize that theological discussion belongs to a past state in church development. Today's religious revolution is a social transformation, not the social transformation of the Marxists, who continue to see work as a hated necessity, but a recognition that work is an act of love."

Last week some 2,000 Protestant Christians (and some lay Catholics) came to Agape by car, bus, train, motorcycle and foot to help dedicate its main building, a long rectangle of gray stone, light wood and glass, which for the present will be a combination refectory, meeting place and prayer hall.

Agape's veteran worker Gianni Cassetti handed the keys to the Rev. Robert Tobias, Kansas-born staff member of the World Council of Churches. Then a prayer was read (in six languages): "We this day do set apart this village to the service of God, in the fellowship of the Universal Church, to be a temple of that love which is revealed by the Cross of Christ, to be a meeting place for men to be reconciled . . ."

The New Tribesmen

It must have been something like the hustle & bustle around Noah's Ark when the rains came. This Ark was a bulky, 175-ft. converted Navy patrol boat in the Oakland (Calif.) estuary. Last week she was abuzz with last-minute flurry. Women hung their clothes out to dry on a line running from mast to smokestack, crewmen tested ropes and slapped on final licks of paint, children swarmed everywhere, while men struggled to set up a wire screen at the ship's sides to keep them from falling overboard.

The Tribesmen was getting ready to sail this week. Her strange and valiant cargo: 63 men & women missionaries, with 20 children, bound for South America, to bring the Gospel to the wildest savages they could find.

The Protestant, nondenominational, fundamentalist New Tribes Mission makes a specialty of aborigines, hardships and dogged courage. Two of its planes have crashed in mission work within a year of each other: a DC-3 in June 1950, killing 13 missionaries, a converted C-47 last November, killing several children and the mission's energetic founder-director, 40-year-old Paul W. Fleming.

Paul Fleming started New Tribes Mis-

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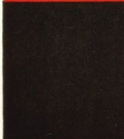
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sion in 1942. He set up camps for toughening and training his missionaries. There are now three camps in operation; a fourth will open this fall.

The New Tribesmen strategy is to head for a small village, pick up the dialect and try to make friends with the natives, then push on into the hinterland where white men have never been. They are steeled to the fact that conversions will be few & far between, even to the possibility of being received with war hatchets or poisoned arrows. Five missionaries were killed in Bolivia by Indians in 1943. But in spite of hardship and hazard, New Tribes attracts plenty of candidates for its work. There are 190 of them overseas—mostly in South America—living on about \$100 a month per man & wife team and planning to spend the rest of their lives where they are now.

On her maiden voyage, the *Tribesman's* first port of call will be Belém, Brazil. After carrying another group of South American-bound missionaries from Miami, she will return to the West Coast for a voyage to Japan. "I wish I could go, too," said New Tribes Director John Ruskin Garber last week. "This is our simple way of doing the Lord's work. Our philosophy is: if you have something good, you want to share it."

Words of the Week

"Live an ordered, respectable life, not without discipline and sacrifice, and the reward is peace! But is that the peace Jesus speaks of? Or is it a smug peace anticipating the hereafter? . . .

"Our way, if we are fully Christian in intention, is to . . . be patient and courageous, not in ourselves, but in Him. To face, not halfway, not turning back, but to face toward the year 1952. Not to divide the world into the elect who . . . have the answers . . . and the sots who are foolish enough not to be so sure. To know that Fascist and Communist, capitalist and socialist, Hindu and American, leaders and masses, are all in the same boat—the earth. That 2,000 years ago Jesus started something that did not reach its climax in the 13th Century, that did not go wrong in the 16th Century, and that must face what is true in nuclear physics and psychoanalysis, as it tried to face the Arab threat with hylomorphism and Aristotelian dialectics.

"The greatest sin of our age is impatience and its child is the short cut—in politics, in economics—and in Reno. Whether we bring salvation depends on our endurance and the readiness to accept the fact that we are cross-bearing pilgrims."

—The Rev. H. A. Reinhold in the current issue of the Roman Catholic monthly, *Orate Fratres*.

How to Paint a Prelate

Painting a prelate's portrait is not quite like painting an ordinary man, wrote Dutch Art Critic Jan Engelman in his Amsterdam newspaper last week. It needs a special approach. Before even meeting his prelate, said Engelman, the painter

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INNOCENT X BY VELASQUEZ

For lonely men, a special approach.

should study him carefully—family background, personality, ecclesiastical career. Only then should he try to picture a man who is at once "a high-placed person, a compassionately spiritual father, a sturdy ruler, an immovably insular person, a religious power, a lonely man."

The greatest prelate-painter of all, Engelman thinks, was Velasquez. His best example of prelate-work: portrait of Pope Innocent X.

Helping Hand

In Effingham, Ill. (pop. 8,000), they will never forget the fire that, one April night in 1949, burned St. Anthony's Hospital to the ground, and took 75 lives. Last week they were reminded of the tragedy by a fact as hopeful as a phoenix.

The day after the fire, a Protestant oilman named J. William Everhart went to see the town's Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. John Goff. Everhart told Father Goff that he wanted to help rebuild the Catholic hospital.

Oilman Everhart began by organizing a ten-man committee, none of them Catholics. With the help of such groups as Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and the American Legion, they launched an appeal for funds that reached out all over the U.S. They mined every possible source for prospects; anybody who had signed the register at Effingham's hotel for the past five or six years got a letter. More than 100,000 letters went out.

Last week at Effingham, ground was broken for a new six-story, 150-bed St. Anthony's Memorial Hospital. During the ceremonies, the results of Protestant Everhart's helping hand were announced: more than \$550,000 from over 35,000 people—some of them from as far away as the Philippines and England. When the new building is finished, Effingham will have a hospital that is also a symbol of human brotherhood.

The Price of Success

What is it that brings one man success in life, and mediocrity or failure to his brother? It can't be mental capacity. There is not the difference in our mentalities that is indicated by the difference in performance.

The answer is, some men succeed because they cheerfully pay the price of success while others, though they claim ambition and a desire to succeed, are unwilling to pay that price.



The Price of Success is—

To use all your courage to force yourself to concentrate on the problem in hand; to think of it deeply and constantly; to study it from all angles, and to plan ahead.

To have a high and sustained determination to achieve what you plan to accomplish, not only when conditions are favorable to its accomplishment, but in spite of all adverse circumstances which may arise.

To refuse to believe that there are any circumstances sufficiently strong to defeat you in the accomplishment of your purpose.

Hard? Of course. That's why so many men never reach for success, yield instead to the siren call of the rut and remain on the beaten paths that are for beaten men. Nothing of note has ever been achieved without constant endeavor, some pain and ceaseless application of the lash of ambition.

That's the price of success. Every man should ask himself: *Am I willing to endure the pain of this struggle for the rewards and the glory that go with achievement? Or shall I accept the uneasy and inadequate contentment that comes with mediocrity?*

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SPORT

Linesmen Ready?

(See Cover)

In the lexicon of champions, fun and games are strictly separate. Big-time tennis is fun to watch, but not to play. Two little rectangles of grassy ground—one in a suburb of London, the other in a suburb of New York—have seen more championship and less fun than any other spots in the world. Near one of those rectangles (not on it, for it was being kept sacred for the tournament), scores of intent young men, dressed in white shorts and short-sleeved shirts, were leaping, sprinting, and hitting the ball for all they were worth. They were practicing for the National Singles tournament, which starts this week.

To a man from Mars, this scene at the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills might have appeared like a frenzied ballet, in which no performer stood out, no individual could be distinguished. As any tennis fan could have told him, however, every one was different, and only a few were worth watching.

One who was well worth watching was a swarthy, black-haired young man with deep-set eyes and powerful, slightly hunched shoulders. The picture of intent, unsmiling concentration, he smashed serves, laced backhands down the alley and cross-court, whaled deep forehands to the corners. As other players, sweating and spent, ambled to the clubhouse showers, they paused for a moment to watch Dick Savitt, the boy who has won two big ones this year and is hot after the third.* In their speculative eyes there was a new respect, but skepticism too. They knew he could be beaten; he has lost more tournaments this year than he has won. Nevertheless, nobody can win the Australian championship and Wimbledon in the same year by accident; they knew that Dick Savitt was the man to watch this week.

Three Theories. In spite of the fact that Art Larsen is U.S. champion, at Forest Hills Savitt is seeded No. 1. His rise to the top is recent, and looks fast. In fact, it took him quite a while to get there. Like all athletes of championship caliber, he is sure of his own ability: "If I am on my game, nobody can beat me. . . . The others are coming uphill to me. . . . I'm the man to beat." A man in his tennis shoes has to believe that, but he has yet to convince his peers that he is the nonpareil.

In the endless gossip of the lockerroom,

where the players dissect their matches with the fanaticism of shot-by-shot golfers—and remember the precise scores of each match for years—several theories are advanced on just how to beat Savitt. Bill Talbert, 32-year-old Davis Cup veteran and still a quick man on his feet (for three sets), says: "Make him run." Talbert's pal and protégé Tony Trabert, the 20-year-old sensation of the summer circuit, thinks the answer is: "Hit 'em harder." Gardnar Mulloy, a canny old hand at 37, says: "Mix him up."

The tennis fans who will pour into the

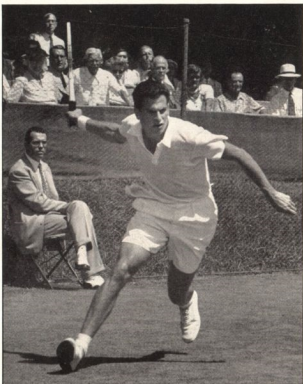
and smack the ball where he wants it to go, that advantage can be overwhelming. Savitt's new game has power; and on the big occasions he has shown control too.

Savitt has not got the devastating backhand of a Don Budge, the whiplash forehand of a Bill Johnston, the tantalizing volleying touch of a Vincent Richards, or even the smashing serve of a Bob Falkenburg. He certainly does not possess the all-court finesse of Bill Tilden, nor the classic shots of Sidney Wood. What he has got is a simple, overpowering attack; a smashing serve and deep, hard-hit ground strokes that keep his opponent scrambling in the back court, on the defensive. Says ex-U.S. Champion Ted Schroeder: "He hits a heavy ball, which comes over at you like a cannon."

Talbert's "make him run" theory is good as far as it goes; but it does not answer the overwhelming power of Savitt's attack when the attack is really rolling. Trabert's "hit 'em harder" thesis is valid only for somebody who—like slashing Trabert himself, and possibly Australia's Frank Sedgman—can actually outthrust Savitt. Mulloy's idea of "mixing him up" has worked—with considerable help from Savitt himself. Just a fortnight ago, in Savitt's own bailiwick (Orange, N.J.), Mulloy beat him in the semi-finals of the Eastern Grass Court championship. But Savitt was stale and edgy; he let himself be disturbed by foot-fault calls, deliberately dropped the last game of the fourth set and lost the match by losing his control.

"I Want a Rest." Unlike most of the extraverts he competes with, Savitt burns inwardly, and he has not yet learned to convert his bottled-up steam into more power for the boilers. When the gallery at Orange booed him for protesting a linesman's decision, and for the obviousness with which he threw the final points of a hopeless set, he admitted afterwards in the lockerroom: "I was a poor sport. . . . I don't know what's the matter with me. . . . I can't get going. . . . I don't get mad any more when I lose a point. . . . I'm over-tired. . . . I want a rest. I used to be so eager, but I never had tennis coming out of my ears before."

All this he blurted out in the bedlam of well-wishers, gladhanders, hangers-on and autograph hounds, against whose petty irritations he has had to build up an impervious defense. On these occasions his brown eyes, expressive in conversation, get a glazed look. He fumbles for socks and shorts, nodding agreement to whatever is said. "Yes, Yes, O.K., O.K., O.K.," he mutters over & over again. Reporters bother him more, and in a different way: "It makes me very tired to talk to the

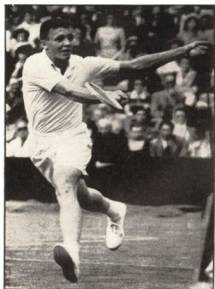


SAVITT (HITTING A FOREHAND)
He has one great advantage.

Forest Hills stadium this week and next for one of the widest-open tournaments in years will see these and other theories in practice. And they will see a Savitt markedly improved over the player who was beaten in the semi-finals last year by Larsen. They will see a well-provisioned athlete (salt tablets, extra wristbands, a strip of toweling hitched to his waist), who handles his heavy (15-oz.) racket as if it were an extension of his huge right hand.

Savitt has the virtues and defects of his build (6 ft. 3 in., 185 lbs.), with a full-back's shoulders and driving power. He is necessarily slower-footed (shoe size: 13) than a smaller man; and he develops too much momentum, after he gets under way, to change direction quickly. But in the strict limitations of a tennis court, a tall player who hits hard has one great advantage: power. If he can control his power,

* The only players who have won all three: Fred Perry (1934), Don Budge (1938).



TONY TRABERT



FRANK SEDGMAN
In these days, no standouts.



ART LARSEN

Keystone, Combine

newspapermen. You have to think hard about tennis all the time."

By the time of his defeat at Orange he had had too much tennis, there was no doubt about that. But though he wanted a rest, there was no rest to be had: he had become too valuable a property of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association to be allowed to do as he liked. Two days later, Savitt, along with Trabert, Larsen and Budge Patty, was whisked off to Canada to play in the final of the American Zone Davis Cup matches. Significantly, Savitt and Trabert, the youngest players, carried the burden of the important opening singles matches. Savitt finally got his longed-for recess when the L.T.A. excused him from last week's National Doubles cham-

pionships* at Boston's Longwood Cricket Club. It was only the third time in 15 months (since he graduated from Cornell) that Dick has had a week at home with his family. That is part of the price he pays for playing big-time, full-time, worldwide tennis.

Tennis for Your Supper. His itinerary for the past year sounds like something out of Baedeker. Last summer it was a tour of the U.S. eastern seaboard from the Merion (Pa.) Cricket Club to the Newport (R.I.) Casino, ending with the Nationals. Then it was a fast flight to Chile

(with a stopover at Miami) for a month of tournaments and exhibitions. Three days after he got home, he was off for Australia for three months. Then back to Hawaii for ten days of exhibition matches, five days at home, and a flight to Europe in the middle of February.

The European high spots: San Remo, Egypt (Cairo and Alexandria), Monte Carlo, Rome, Palermo, Paris, Turin, Berlin, Hamburg, Paris again (for the French championships), Stockholm, Brussels and London (for Wimbledon). It was, excluding the tennis, pretty good fun—and, under the peculiar financial code of amateur tennis, it was all free.

Dick Savitt does not intend to make a career of tennis. In that case, as a young

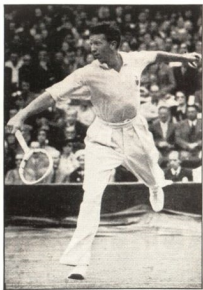
* Taken, this week, from the U.S. when Sedgman & McGregor and Don Candy & Mervyn Rose made it an all-Australian final.



BILL TILDEN



ELLSWORTH VINES
In the old days, each had something.



Wide World, Acme, Associated Press
DON BUDGE

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(24) college graduate, oughtn't he to be buckling down to his future business instead of gallivanting about the world? "Look," he says earnestly, "I'd have to spend the next 30 years to earn enough money to travel and live like this. We always travel first class, we eat in the best clubs and restaurants. People in Europe are tennis-mad; they knock themselves out to give us a good time. We get to know the natives—not just a bunch of fellow tourists, I give them good tennis. They make money, but I get plenty in return."

What Globetrotter Savitt and his fellow tennis tourists get is a strictly regulated millionaire's life on a ditchdigger's pay—about \$12 a day (for expenses). It is not the way most people would like to travel, even though it sounds fine: all expenses paid, and nothing to do but play tennis for your supper. Even for those who don't chase tournaments around the world, the tennis season has become so long, and so unremitting, that few players today ever really seem to enjoy playing. Sedgman is dogged; Patty is deadpan; Trabert is earnest; Flam is tense.

But off the court, the majority of the players are so floppy relaxed, so full of camaraderie and good spirits that they act like a college fraternity on an outing. Good-natured ribbing (the players have their own word for it: "psyching") and horseplay up to and including footfalls is standard behavior. Sample: Budge Patty, dressed to the nines, sits down in front of Savitt and Trabert to watch a match. Patty turns, grins, and asks rhetorically: "Am I blocking your view?"

Trabert sarcastically replies: "Not at all." Then, grabbing Patty's snappy houndstooth jacket by the shoulder pads, Trabert exclaims triumphantly: "But I can't see through all this camouflage." Savitt, with a look of horror and astonishment at the shoulder padding: "Good gosh, is your tailor mad at you?" A favorite expression, designed to display both blasé boredom and grudging applause while watching a particularly dazzling rally: "Are they kidding?" Watching, for Dick, is more fun than the sometimes agonizing strain of playing: "It's much nicer to watch; then you can't lose."

Big-time tennis players, with few exceptions, form a close little group which might be mistaken for a mutual admiration society—and Dick Savitt is a member in good standing. In the happy-go-lucky world of the tennis players, they have their consciously serious moments. Most are college men (Savitt majored in economics) and most are veterans* (Savitt's service: a year in the Navy as a seaman). But politics and world affairs are strictly a secondary topic in bull sessions. The main subjects: women, poker (and allied card games) and, naturally, tennis.

In his travels, Dick has come across things that impressed him: "The Sphinx

* Exception: Trabert, 20, who was dropped last week from the Naval Reserve (seaman) because his tennis duties kept him from attending drill, is now subject to the draft.



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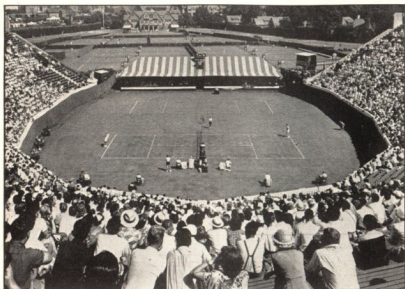
material has won a new lease on popularity—thanks to rayon. Given new depth of jewel-clear colors, new softness of cloud-like texture . . . new sturdiness . . . it is winning approval as handsome, reasonably priced sportswear items for both men and women.

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George Silk—LIFE

THE CENTER COURTS AT FOREST HILLS
"It's much nicer to watch; then you can't lose."

and I got along fine." In Germany, he was particularly struck by both the devastation and the reconstruction. "Those people work like dogs. The Germans don't just work so they can get vacations like a lot of Americans. If they set their minds to something, they'll get it done . . . I hope we don't have to fight them again." Did he have any trouble in Germany? "Gee, no. The crowds at Berlin were real enthusiastic . . . Oh, because I am Jewish? . . . No, I never had any trouble that way. I know some clubs are prejudiced because they don't have any Jewish members . . . I don't think about it much."

Dick has never had much reason to think about it. Brought up in New Jersey's middle-income suburbia (his father has his own food brokerage business), Dick, an only child, had a happy-go-lucky, comfortable youth marked by a passion for athletics of any sort, but particularly baseball and football. He never picked up a tennis racket until he was 13, dropped it almost immediately because "I didn't like it. Tennis is considered sissy by some people here in America." A year later, after watching the New Jersey State tournament from the vantage point of a ballboy, Dick decided that tennis was not so sissy after all: "I saw Don McNeill [1940 National champion] and other good guys play. Any kid that sees tennis like that all the time will want to play it well."

You Have to Be Eager. That summer Dick won a local boys' tournament, entered the New Jersey Public Parks tournament and lost, love and love, in the first round. In 1943, the Savitt family moved to El Paso, Texas, where the gangling (6 ft. 1 in.) kid of 16 became infatuated with basketball and practically gave up tennis again. By his senior year (1945) Dick, a high-scoring forward, was El Paso High's co-captain and all-state choice. He played a little tennis on the side.

When the Navy stationed him in Memphis, Dick's athletic talents got him a soft job sorting equipment and a chance to play basketball with the Navy team that was ranked fifth in the country. Next year, as a Cornell freshman, Dick was good enough to make the varsity squad, but a gash under his eye and a badly wrenched knee sent him back to tennis. Winters in Ithaca, N.Y. are rugged, and the only place he could practice was in the big indoor armory, "competing with R.O.T.C. tanks rumbling around. You had to be real eager to play." Dick was real eager.

A driving desire to excel made him the team's No. 1 player that spring, got him a 1947 national ranking of 26th. The next year, Dick improved his volleying and began to come to the net more, but by then the postwar California tennis foundry was in high gear, spewing out rafts of young tennis comers. Dick was still 26th in 1948. With a sound ground game that largely compensated for his slowness of foot, Savitt jumped ten numbers in the national ranking, and ended the next year as No. 16.

But he still had not beaten anybody very notable. He wanted fiercely to be the best; to be the best, he had to learn how to beat the field. Last year, with college off his mind—and only tennis on it—he set to work to learn a winning game. He learned how to use his tremendous strength and stamina to wear down his faster-footed opponents. His ground strokes from the baseline were solidified by the years of trying for length and pace when he was too slow to get to the net. He modified and simplified his serve,

* Australia's Adrian Quist is one of many old hands credited with having revamped Savitt's game. Savitt says he is almost entirely self-taught. "Quist and I played once or twice, and of course it helps to play with a guy, but he never gave me any coaching."

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always a potent weapon, and got his first serve in oftener without losing any of its power. He won the Eastern Intercollegiate, Eastern Clay Court and New York State tournaments—all relatively minor events and all on clay—before tackling the first of the grass-court circuit, the Pennsylvania championship at the Merion Cricket Club.

Bachelor's Degree. There, his dogged fighting qualities, his persistence and determination, and growing control over his hard hitting paid off. He beat Harry Likas and Vic Seixas (a higher ranked player) in the early rounds. In the semi-final and final matches (against Earl Cochell and Ed Moylan), Savitt dropped the first two sets, and was on the verge of defeat. He won both matches. That worked wonders with his game, and with his belief in himself. It was, in a sense, his bachelor's degree in tennis.

The three ensuing months in Australia gave him a fine postgraduate course. In the Australian championship, after beating wily Veteran John Bromwich in the quarter-finals, Savitt faced two-time Champion Sedgman in the semi-final bracket. The match went to five sets, and in the fifth, Sedgman spurred to a 4-2 lead. Savitt, always tense when he's ahead, simply relaxed and began hitting winners, won four straight games and the match. In the final, against rangy Ken McGregor, "I felt that nothing could stop me." McGregor couldn't. Dick won handily, 6-3, 2-6, 6-3, 6-1.

In his European campaigning ("minor league stuff"), Savitt had only a so-so record, actually lost six of seven matches (on clay) to Jaroslav Drobny, ex-Czech Davis Cup veteran. The losses did little to shake Dick's new-found faith in his ability to win, but they did create a jinx. Drobny beat him again in the quarter-finals of the French championships, a tournament that Savitt really wanted to win. He began to fret, decided he was over-tennised, and practically stopped playing for the whole month before Wimbledon.

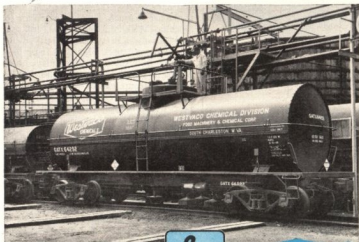
The layoff brought his game back to its peak. Dick whipped U.S. Champion Larsen (6-1, 6-4, 6-4) in the quarter-finals. But his big test did not come until his semi-final match with dogged Herb Flam, another fighter and a player who relies on agility and retrieving rather than power. In twelve meetings, Savitt had never beaten Flam. When Flam won the first set, 6-1, it looked like the same old story. The second set was a backbreaker, 15-13, and Savitt won it after trailing 1-5. After that it was easy (6-3, 6-2). With the added momentum that victory gave to his confidence, and showing never a jot of the center-court jitters that have wrecked many another player at Wimbledon, he breezed past McGregor again in the final, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

Savitt flew home the next day. He had had five solid months of tennis campaigning, all out of the U.S. The Clay Court championships were being played that week in Chicago, and the tennis bigwigs naturally wanted Dick there: the Wimbledon champion would be a big drawing



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portation of both passengers and freight. At the present time, when defense transportation must have high priority, speedy servicing of the railroad's motive power is one way of helping to serve our country well.

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card. He flatly refused to go. He needed a rest, and he knew it. He did not play again until his Davis Cup debut against Japan. Savitt is always edgy before an important match, and, unlike most of the other players, is given to moments of introspection and brooding. Facing a test that should have been no particular source of worry, Dick snapped at Frank Shields, the nonplaying captain: "Don't talk to me before a match."

Says Shields: "Dick is the first great player I've seen to stay close to the top of his game, and stay nervous throughout the match. Most players will be nervous at the start of a match. But they'll shake it. Usually, the sign of a better man will be that he will shake his nervousness off quicker."

Savitt will have a fight on his hands at Forest Hills this week. In the old days there were only three or four really top-notch players. Mulloy told Savitt: "In the '30s, I never worried much about a match in the quarter-finals." Today, says Dick, "you have to worry about a lot of people. One year there might be 20 guys who, if they beat you, you don't feel bad. Last year there were about three for me. This year there's nobody." Dick's worries (in order): 1) Sedgman and Trabert; 2) Larsen, Flam and Talbert; 3) Patty and McGregor. Those seven, along with Savitt, make an imposing list of talent, but a list without standouts.

"I Don't Have to Think." Though Dick worries about his chief opponents, he plays them mostly by instinct and experience. Says he: "You just know, somehow, how to play each guy . . . I don't have to think. With Larsen, I just try to overpower him. Flam, I play his forehand. With Sedgman, you have to keep the ball deep, he comes to the net so much. He and Larsen are the quickest. With McGregor, you just can't let him volley. Patty doesn't let you play good-looking tennis. Flam hits those looper balls. Before the war, they played more complete tennis. Schroeder and Kramer played all-court games."

So does Dick Savitt, and, win or lose next week, he will put on the kind of dogged, fighting display that brought the crowds out to watch the Tildens, Johnstons, Vineses, Perrys and Budes in their prime. Savitt's game is the "big" game, and he is the kind of player who can never be counted out until the final point. Savitt is a fighter, an attacker, and that's what the crowds like to see.

And win or lose, Savitt is one of the men Frank Shields is counting on to bring the Davis Cup back from Australia. Sweden, with tough Lennart Bergelin (who gave the Australians a scare by winning both his singles matches last year), must be coped with this December before the U.S. can meet the Australians. Savitt has beaten Bergelin, and he has proved that he has the Australians' number. After the matches with Canada, Shields said: "All I know for certain right now is that Dick Savitt will play singles, and Tony Trabert will be my left court man in doubles." Shields, by this statement, reiterated what the other players already knew: Dick Savitt, indeed, is the man to beat.

Elsie and what else?

Many things from meat
to moulding compounds
are the daily concern
of "America's No. 1 Milkman!"

MILK and MEAT

Budget-conscious housewives, ever since early spring, have been unhappily aware of the high price of meat.

So have the companies in the milk business. For high meat prices can bring about both high prices and scarcity in milk; the reason being that the farmer has more incentive to sell his cows as beef than to keep them as milk producers.

This is of deep concern to the 50,000 and more companies in the dairy industry. So are other things that can affect the price and supply of milk; a late or an early spring, floods or droughts in milk-producing areas, high or low labor costs on farms, an increasing or decreasing amount of money in consumers' hands, the tonnage of milk products needed for military use . . .

Equally, all this is of concern to the American housewife. Reason: on a national scale, more than one-fifth of all the money she spends for food is spent for milk and dairy products.

This makes it a good idea for the U. S. public to know more about milk, the dairy industry, and the companies in it—companies like The Borden Company.

If it weren't for the make-up of this industry, and for these companies, the supply of milk might vary from an extreme of plenty to an extreme of scarcity. For the cow is an eccentric producer, giving more milk than can be used in the spring and summer, less than is needed in the fall and winter.

The Borden Company and others like it in the dairy industry, however, have a balance-wheel effect on both milk prices and milk supply.

What part does The Borden Company play

in exerting this obviously desirable force?

It makes use of milk in many different ways, in many different products. Products that are not perishable, as fresh milk is. Products that can be sold thousands of miles from the source of the milk, as fresh milk cannot, and products with many more uses than fresh milk.

These products "take up the slack" in the dairy industry. They give the farmer a steady market for his milk in the flush producing

season as well as during the months of low production. They give the customer relatively steady prices and a plentiful supply of dairy foods the year 'round.

To know The Borden Company is to know the dairy industry and what it does for America and Americans. For Borden's, though it handles only about 6% of the nation's milk supply, is the country's largest distributor of fresh milk and also one of its biggest milk processing companies.

The part Borden's plays in providing steady markets for farmers, and even year 'round supply for consumers, goes back into the early history of the dairy industry.

MILK and BACKGROUND

In the early 1850's, The Borden Company was nothing more than a gleam in an inventor's eye. The inventor was Gail Borden, who was also a teacher, surveyor, editor, and one of the founders of the Texas Republic.

Borden County in West Texas and Gail, its county seat, are named after this man. A book has just been published telling the story of his restless, eventful, pioneering life.*

Before 1856, Gail Borden had been working on the idea of concentrating different foods, so they would keep indefinitely and could be shipped over long distances. He had successfully produced a concentrated meat biscuit, which won him one of the 5 medals awarded to Americans at the Great Council Exhibition in London in 1851; and which won praise from explorers and seafaring men. He had also produced concentrated fruit juices.

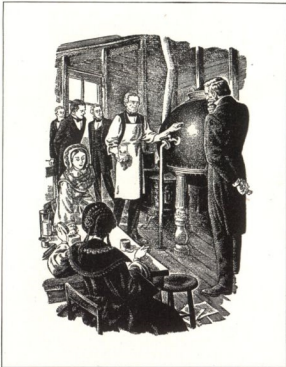
Then he tackled a problem that was really worrying the housewives of the time. With household refrigeration practically non-existent, milk was highly perishable. Mothers were constantly concerned about its safety and purity for their children. Gail Borden figured that if he could make milk less perishable, he'd have a good thing for everyone.

This he succeeded in doing by concentrating milk—condensing the fresh milk in a vacuum. The result was Gail Borden's Eagle

*The book: "Gail Borden, Dairymen to a Nation," by Joe B. Frenz. Published by the University of Oklahoma Press. \$5.00.



MAKING USE OF MILK in many different ways, The Borden Company provides farmers with a steady, year 'round market for the output of their cows.



THE HUMBLE BEGINNING of The Borden Company is pictured in this sketch of Gail Borden demonstrating his process for condensing milk.

Brand Condensed Milk—with the nourishing, healthful qualities of milk, but would keep much longer and give mothers a much greater assurance of safety and purity.

After long consideration in Washington, the process was finally granted a patent and Gail Borden set himself up in business.

Right away, he ran into a time of financial panic, and almost went broke. But he had the luck to tie up with a Yankee banker named Jeremiah Milbank, who salvaged the business with both good hard cash and good sound business judgment.

The first successful Borden plant was established at Burrville, Connecticut in 1857. Looking at this little plant, no one certainly could have predicted that here was the beginning of a business which—in the year 1950—would sell 631 million dollars worth of dairy products and other goods. Yet that's what happened, as you can see in Borden's 1950 Annual Report (available from The Borden Company upon request).

The key to the whole thing, probably, lies in the fact that Borden's started out in the processing part of the milk business. And it's this part of the business today that is responsible for most of the great variety of Borden products.

INEVITABLE STEPS

One thing Gail Borden learned right at the start. However perfect his processing might be, he had to be sure the raw milk he got from farmers was of good quality to begin with.

So, out he went to the farms where he bought his milk, staging a one-man crusade for human and bovine cleanliness. He wanted the cow barns immaculate. He wanted the

cows kept clean. And the hands that milked the cows. And the pails and cans the milk went into. He raved and ranted, got himself laughed at and called a "damn fanatic." But he had his way. The milk that came to the Borden plant was as clean as it could possibly be.

Gail Borden's attitude and his activity foreshadowed two things, both important factors in the Borden operation today. One was the company's entry into the fluid milk



NOT FROM COWS, but from beans, comes soy milk. Pictured above is a Borden soy extraction plant—illustrative of the wide diversification of Borden products.



LIKE THE POSTMAN, the Borden Milkman is a friendly and familiar figure on the doorsteps of millions of American homes.

business. ("Fluid" is dairyman's lingo for fresh milk.) Another was its close relationship with farmers and its eternal watching over the quality of the milk bought from those farmers.

Today, The Borden Company is the largest distributor of fresh milk in the U. S. It operates in 20 states, and serves about one-third of the nation's major cities. Each of the units, as well as those handling ice cream, is considered local business. And local management is given a degree of autonomy which is unique among national operating companies.

Commenting on this philosophy of decentralized control, Borden President Theodore G. Montague says: "Were we to have an army chain of command—or a so-called planned economy (in Borden's)—we would afford little opportunity and no incentive for the younger people in our company. They must be given full opportunity to develop by their own decisions, successes and mistakes."

Nearly one-half the company's total business in 1950 came from sales made by its fluid milk division—not in milk alone, but also in companion products like buttermilk, chocolate drink, cottage cheese.

Today, Gail Borden's original idea of keeping close contact with milk-producing farms is magnified many, many times in the Borden operation. Last year, Borden's bought milk and other farm products from 55,000 different farm families, paid farmers a total of 308 million dollars.

In the field and in Borden plants and laboratories, thousands of men and women devote their entire time to the job Gail Borden had to tackle single-handed—working with farmers to aid milk production and assuring



CREATED as an advertising character, lovable Elsie the Cow became so popular that real, flesh-and-blood Elsie's have drawn millions of admirers at fairs and exhibits.



the company of the quality of its milk supply.

MILK and WHAT ELSE?

After the company went into the fresh milk business, it began to develop and market new products processed from milk. Evaporated milk, brought out in the 1880's was the first in a long series of these.

One step led naturally to another. The Borden Company has never neglected the opportunity to venture into any field it is equipped to enter with advantage to consumers, producers, employees, and stockholders. As a result, it has gone into some businesses which may seem surprising . . . and some that are not surprising at all.

Ice cream and cheese are obvious companion products to milk and cream, and Borden's is now a leading producer in both fields. The same is true of such items as powdered milk, malted milk, and infant foods.

But among Borden products you will also find strange bedfellows like mince meat and foundry core binders . . . instant coffee and soy bean products . . . plastic molding compounds and animal feeds . . . prepared biscuits and adhesives.

Borden's went into each of these oddly assorted businesses for the same reason: it was economically advisable to do so. The new project utilized a by-product formerly discarded; it offered an opportunity to take further advantage of special facilities, experience or skills; it kept special processing machinery busy; it helped level out peaks and valleys in seasonal operations.

Here is a typical example:

One of the by-products of milk is casein. Casein, properly processed, makes a very fine glue; it can also be used as a plastic and for other industrial purposes. So, years ago, Borden's went into the casein business. Research in this field led to the development of still better glues and other things made from synthetic resins (which have nothing to do with milk). And experience with the complex chemistry of these resins led, in turn,

to the production of plastics, molding compounds, and other industrial products.

THE RIGHT CLIMATE

The American economic climate has been favorable to this kind of business philosophy, and this kind of business operation. Under free enterprise, Borden's has been able to exercise the traditional American traits of business acumen and ingenuity, imagination and inventiveness, vision and resourcefulness. And the company's expansion and diversification have helped make Borden's America's fifth largest food processor.

MEASURES OF GROWTH

When Gail Borden first had the idea for his business, he had just one employee—himself. In 1857, when the company was established, it had just four owners, Gail Borden, Jeremiah Milbank, and two others who were shortly bought out.

Today, The Borden Company gives steady employment to more than 31,000 men and women, one out of seven of whom has been on the job more than 25 years. It paid them, last year, more than 113 million dollars.

Today, The Borden Company is owned by more than 51,000 stockholders. (No one person owns as much as 1% of the stock.)

Last year these shareholders received dividends totalling 12 million dollars. 8 million dollars of the company's 20 million dollar profit was ploughed back into Borden's because it was needed to keep the company

going and growing.

The total profit of 20 million dollars averaged out at about 3.19 cents on each dollar of goods sold.

Is this a big profit, a little profit, or a middle-sized profit?

In the same year, the average profit of 3000 corporations of all kinds came to 7.7 cents on the sales dollar. In some fields, profits were as high as 22 cents on the dollar; in others they were as low as 8/10ths of a cent. The dairy industry as a whole earned just a fraction less than The Borden Company.

Borden's profits, then, are neither extremely high nor extremely low. The most significant thing about them is that they have been steady profits. The company has not missed a single dividend payment in the 52 years since its incorporation.

Sales and profits, however, represent just the hard dollars-and-cents measure of the position attained by The Borden Company in the American business scene.

The better measure is in the recognition and esteem that millions of American men, women, and children, have granted the company, its people, and its products. Borden products are sold throughout the world. In fact, folks bought more food packages last year bearing the Borden name than any other brand . . . over two billion!



BORDEN PRESIDENT since 1937.

Theodore G. Montague has shaped the company's diversification program.

For these millions of people have come to feel toward Borden's as they feel toward Borden's famous and familiar spokesman—that friendly, neighborly, warm and human character, Elsie the Borden Cow. In the short space of 15 years, Elsie has become the world's best-known trade character.

THE Borden COMPANY
350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Faster Fighting Finishes

CHEMICAL PROBLEM...

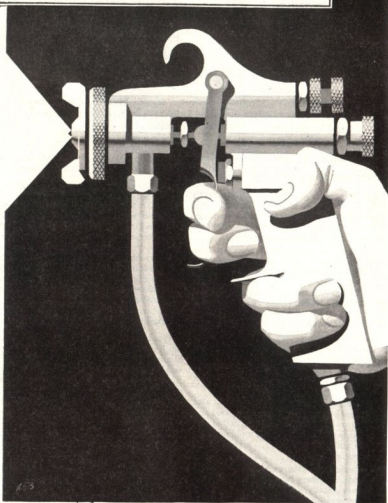
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SCIENCE

Rewards of Research

Dr. Selman A. Waksman, who made enough money as co-discoverer of streptomycin to finance a \$1,000,000 Institute of Microbiology at Rutgers University (TIME, May 16, 1949), last week turned over half (\$50,000 a year) of his remaining royalties to a new foundation. Its purpose: to support professorships and fellowships, finance the publication of technical papers and books, sponsor scientific meetings, and help in the development of microbiological discoveries for practical use in all parts of the free world.

The Cave Hunters

Spelunking along the Spanish border early this summer, Scientist Georges Lépineux watched a black mountain crow fly into a yawning pit and disappear. Since crows love dark recesses almost as much as speleologists do, Amateur Geologist Lépineux rushed to investigate. A small cave led off the pit floor, and a few feet inside the cave mouth a limestone chimney dropped away into darkness. Cautiously, Lépineux heaved a rock into the opening, waited for the faint, faraway sounds of its fall. Then he rushed to report his discovery.

Last month a twelve-man Belgian-French cave-exploring team went back to Basses-Pyrénées, made the long, hard climb from Lico-Athérey to Lépineux's discovery. They brought climbing ladders, cement to secure loose rock in the side of the chimney, and a windlass to lower the explorers into the unknown. Expedition Chief Max Cosyns, a Belgian nuclear physicist who goes after spelunking records on

the side, estimated the chimney's depth by timing the echo from rocks that ricocheted off the limestone walls. The explorers were looking for a drop of about 350 meters.

Straight Down. By last week preparations were completed. Discoverer Lépineux had the traditional right to make the first descent. He buckled on his parachute harness, put a steel helmet over his woolen cap, adjusted his miner's head lamp and his altimeter, hooked his harness to the cable of the windlass and, after a quick handshake all around, stepped off into the void.

He dropped one meter every six seconds, all the while reporting regularly to Cosyns over a special telephone connected through the center of the cable. At 130 meters, the expedition got a bad scare when a short circuit cut off communication for a few moments. But by the time the windlass dial registered 300 meters, excitement on the surface was running high. If Lépineux continued for just a little longer, he would break the long-standing vertical drop record of 318 meters.* "Stop," he finally called. "I am on the bottom." The windlass dial registered 356 meters.

Vanishing Torrent. Dripping wet from the water trickling down the chimney's walls and shivering with cold, Lépineux was brought to the surface three hours and 40 minutes later. During the descent, the

* Caverns distinguish between vertical drops and ordinary descents, which may go even deeper but not straight down. Alltime low: 658 meters, reached by Pierre Chevalier at Dent de Croiles (TIME, June 9, 1947).



SPELUNKERS IN THE PYRENEES (COSYNS AT RIGHT)
A black crow led the way.

Intercontinental

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FALSE TEETH**
yet my mouth feels
fresh, clean and cool
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spinning cable had made the walls seem to revolve so fast in the light of his head lamp that he had almost been sick. But once on the bottom, he had felt up to a little exploring.

He had found the typical boulder-strewn cave that forms when mountains shudder and crack. Water filters down, eroding giant shafts, forming subterranean lakes over layers of impermeable clay. Later earthquakes sometimes crack the lake floor, draining off the water and leaving immense underground chambers.

Other members of the expedition also went down and looked around. They found other caves and a 15-ft. underground torrent that rushed along to a tantalizing disappearance in a closed vault—the water level flush with the top of the vault's entrance. "With proper equipment," said Cosyns, "we may be able to go down... perhaps even one thousand meters." And the thought of exploring one kilometer below the earth was something to make any speleologist's eyes bug with anticipation.

"Underwater Radar"

All Seattle Engineer Wayne M. Ross planned to do was build a simplified sonar* device for finding sunken outboard motors, lost fishing gear and other salvage. When he thought he had solved the problem, he mounted his invention on a fishing boat and tested it off the coast of Alaska. It worked so well that he could not only spot schools of fish, he could usually tell what kind they were (by the size of the school and the depth at which it swam). Even more important, in narrow, rock-lined Alaskan channels his underwater signals bounced back from shoals and shore line, allowed him to navigate in dense fog when even craft equipped with radar (which cannot operate under water) stayed at the dock.

Test Run. Last week, in a run through the Lake Washington ship canal and across placid Lake Union, Inventor Ross put on a demonstration of his "underwater radar" that left Navy sonar experts stuttering with excitement. On his cathode-ray screen the observers could easily locate a submerged steel drum 1,200 ft. away, a garbage can at 900 ft., sand bars, dock pilings, fish nets and ropes.

It was a performance that the Navy could not come near matching with its present equipment. The target data was presented on an easy-to-read radar-like screen, and the new sonar rig also operated best just where the Navy's bulky, complicated equipment is weakest—the tricky, close-range job of picking up mines and submarine nets, or charting underwater obstructions.

Returning Echoes. The heart of Ross's compact (150 lb.) machine is a crystal of Rochelle salt† that converts electrical en-

* A system of undersea detection. High frequency sound waves, near the upper edge of the audible range, bounce off targets and return to the transmitter. Target distance is measured by timing the echo.

† A crystal which can be ground to control ultrasonic signals at a desired frequency.



Parris Emery

INVENTOR ROSS

A garbage can convinced the Navy.

ergy into pulses of "ultrasonic sound" (unlike radar, which uses radio frequencies). Focused into a narrow beam, the sound pulses are shot out through an underwater transmitter that can turn through 360°. Echoes from underwater objects come back to the transmitter and are displayed on one cathode-ray screen as part of a glowing map that measures distance and direction from the ship. Moving targets can be tracked across the scope as on an ordinary radar screen. Another cathode-ray tube, which measures distance, also helps to identify the nature and exact position of the target.

Ross's device also records its information in two other ways. The returning echoes are translated into audible sounds which a trained operator, listening to the loudspeaker, can easily identify. Solid objects, for example, like the Lake Washington canal wall, give a hard, clipped ping. Signals from a smooth beach or hidden sand bar are drawn out, sound for all the world like someone scratching granite with his fingernails. And as if all these were not enough, an automatic pen-and-ink recording is made of all the signals that shine in the scopes and sing their peculiar modulations from the loudspeaker.

"You Have No Idea." Inventor Ross, 31, who got his technical training as a radar expert after volunteering for the British Army in World War II, made most of his new device himself from spare parts and equipment he dug up at Seattle's Intervox Corp. (electronic products), where he is chief engineer. Last week he seemed a little surprised at all the excitement he had caused in the Navy.

"My God, man," said a startled sonar expert, "you have no idea what can be done with this finder." "Oh, I don't know," replied Ross, who is already planning a longer-range set. "I'll probably be playing around with it when I've got a long white beard."



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Britons are proud of the well-ordered beauties of their countryside. In the grimy industrial town of Birkenhead (pop. 141,600) last week, a show of paintings by Native Son Philip Wilson Steer celebrated those beauties in a fashion strictly to English taste.

Impressionist Steer's England is a frankly scenic place with rolling hills, verdant valleys, billowing clouds. At their best, his canvases, like those of Turner and Constable, give new life to familiar prospects, his watercolors catch fleeting tricks of sunlight and shadow with a few decisive strokes.

Like a Cricketer. Steer's life was almost as untroubled as his landscapes. The

ordered his life as rigidly as a banker's clerk. "Painting," he said, "is a job like any other, something one has to do between meals."

Unlike his artistic hero Turner, who was content to sleep on tavern tables on his cross-country art hikes (and once had himself bound to a ship's mast during a blizzard so he could observe the snow), Steer had a morbid fear of drafts, never went out in bad weather; on landscape sorties, he carried along a platform to keep his feet dry. To make sure of respectful treatment from train porters and inn servants, he lugged his painting gear in a cricketer's bag.

Like a Horse. But there was nothing stuffy about Steer's view of his place in art. He told friends, "I have a third-class



STEER'S "BEACH SCENE WITH CHILDREN PADDLING"
Something to do between meals.

son of a portraitist, he early decided on art for his own career. After working with his father, he attended art school in Gloucester, set out for Paris at 22. Wilson Steer was not impressed. He found Paris full of fleas and smelly streets, afterward dismissed the French countryside as "damn silly." He did not bother to master the language or look into the brouhaha of impressionism that was turning French art topsy-turvy.

But back in London, he explored the milder forms of French impressionism, adopted what suited him. It was the English countryside and seashore that suited him best of all.

While such unconventional friends as Augustus John and Walter Sickert painted and blustered their way to colorful international reputations, Steer retired more & more into the quiet life of a successful painter-teacher. Hating anything that smacked of "artiness," he wore stiff three-inch collars, dressed in Savile Row suits,

mind," answered praise by saying, "I muddle about and suppose something comes in the end." Of portraits he said, "It is merely a matter of giving [the] sitter the right amount of points—like a horse, you know." His own portraits lacked the distinction of his landscapes.

Scornful of watercolors at first (he called them "whoring," compared to the "married state" of oil painting), he became increasingly fond of them as he grew older. But he still deprecated himself: "A watercolor is nearly always a fluke. If you go on doing them, flukes will happen a little oftener."

By the time Steer died in 1942, his flukes, along with his solidly painted landscapes, had won him a reputation as one of England's finest modern painters. Last week, with Birkenhead flocking to the big Steer show, the borough council thought up a special way to show the city's approval: they ordered a plaque for the old stone house where Wilson Steer was born.

Rich Tastes

Private art collectors, provided they are well-heeled, have some real advantages over museum-keepers. They are not restricted by trustee tastes or by public demands, and they are under no compulsion to build representative, "balanced" collections. They buy what they like, when they like, for their own pleasure.

A good cross section of private collectors' accomplishments—and tastes—is now on display at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. The 87 paintings and sculptures in the show were lent by five collectors.

The John Hay Whitneys' pictures, which top the show, are magnificent examples of such modern French greats as Renoir, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat, Rousseau, Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse. "Jock" Whitney, 47, has an eye for painting to equal his eye for horseflesh and business investments, and his vast fortune amply accommodates his tastes. The Whitneys have a full-time curator, Art Historian John Rewald, to help with their collection, but Whitney decides on all purchases himself. "We've bought what struck us as being particularly beautiful," he says.

The best of the Whitneys' pictures ordinarily hang in the living room of their Long Island home: "The standards are set right there. We don't have to go into museums or churches to study art, though we often do. Of course it takes no special taste or imagination to collect masterpieces—I think ours at the Museum can be called that. But if you're living with your paintings, you don't much care to experiment." (Those which the Whitneys consider experimental are hung in other rooms.)

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III can afford to experiment, since she keeps her modern art purchases in a guest house. The boldest of collectors, she is also the most reticent, and springs from rather than to the defense of her choices. Along with distinguished sculptures by such European moderns as Brancusi, Giacometti, Lipschitz and Marini, she buys the smear-technique abstractions of such *avant-garde* Manhattanites as Bazoties, Motherwell, Rothko and Tomlin. Her hand-dipped Jackson Pollock (*see cut*) is appropriately small.

The Ralph Colins began collecting paintings because they "wanted something to hang on the wall." Corporation Lawyer Colins and his wife decided on modern paintings as "more appropriate in a modern apartment—old masters in the same surroundings would be chichi." Though they specialize in such safe school-of-Paris bests as Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Miro, Soutine and Modigliani, the Colins admit to having made some poor purchases: "But we love our mistakes—we never sell or exchange them."

The John Seniors have a passion for an extremely dispassionate painter: Piet

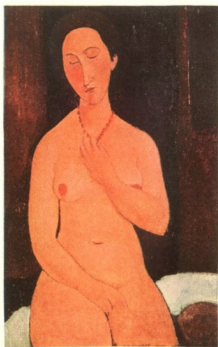
* General counsel for CBS; a director of Alfred A. Knopf, Stainless Steel Products, Inc., etc.



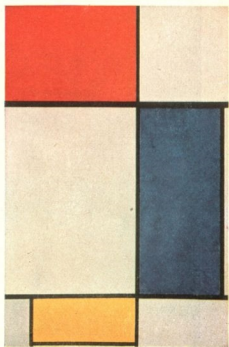
WHITNEYS' ROUSSEAU: "JUNGLE SCENE WITH MONKEYS"



MRS. ROCKEFELLER'S POLLACK



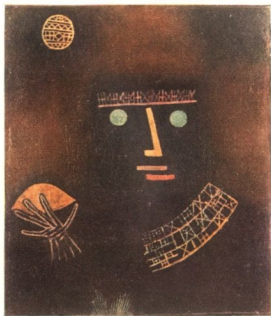
COLINS' MODIGLIANI



SENIORS' MONDRIAN



ODETS' KLEES: "DANCE OF THE GRIEVING CHILD"



"THE BLACK PRINCE"



WHITNEYS' SEURAT: "THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AT GRANDCAMP"

Mondrian. They own 13 works by the late, strait Dutchman, all bought within the past two years. Because bulky, 35-year-old John Senior is an aeronautical engineer (and head of the fledgling New York Airways, Inc.), his friends assume that mathematical precision is what he appreciates in Mondrian. "Mondrian has nothing to do with math," Senior insists. "His paintings exhilarate me, stimulate my thinking. You can't explain things like that any more than you can explain what you feel listening to the *Eroica*. But Mondrian stays with you through hangovers, depressions . . . grows on you all the time. For instance, my wife could never see Mondrian, but since we got married last January, she's lived with his paintings and that changed her mind. When we sent them to the Museum, she actually started missing them."

The Clifford Odets also have one favorite painter: Paul Klee. Playwright Odets considers him "the greatest innovator of the 20th Century," has bought no less than 70 of his oils and watercolors. The Swiss painter's *Dance of the Grieving Child* strikes Odets as being as "great as the *Mona Lisa*. It's a portrait of an adolescent, mooning, self-mirroring, bursting out with a sense of herself." *The Black Prince* puzzles him a little: "It could be growing out of the ground, half man, half vegetable, or a construction—a medieval turret. Sometimes it's like the wonderful sound of cellos. There's the quality of night in it . . . maybe the night of civilization."

Such private enthusiasms as these have a way of becoming public. By gifts and example, individual collectors help shape the taste of museums, and museums obviously influence the public. So the day may not be far off when Mondrian and Klee are as generally admired as Renoir and Seurat. Even Pollock & Co. may eventually find a niche in the hearts of their countrymen.

Loan from Japan

For centuries, Japan has jealously guarded her art masterpieces, often kept them hidden from the Japanese themselves. Western museums, forced to be content with minor examples of copies, have rarely attempted comprehensive shows of historic Japanese art simply because it was not available.

Last week Japan put aside her longstanding rule, scheduled 178 of her rarest art treasures for shipment to the U.S. Next month, when diplomats meet in San Francisco to sign the Japanese Peace Treaty (see *INTERNATIONAL*), the works will be on display in San Francisco's De Young Museum. The man behind the idea: De Young Director Walter Heil. When he read that San Francisco would be the scene of the treaty conference, he cabled the Tokyo National Museum. The Tokyo museum cleared it with the Japanese government, after a cabinet go-ahead gathered the best of the nation's paintings, sculptures, ceramics, textiles, masks, armor and lacquers from museums, temples and private collections.

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Patriarch's Wedding

By the time they got the bottles swept up in Antibes and Juan-les-Pins last week, it was magnificently evident: the marriage of Sidney Bechet, Negro patriarch of New Orleans jazz, to his new white wife had turned into the grandest rout on the Riviera since Rita Hayworth married Aly Khan.

Bechet ("I think I'm 60") and his bride, German-born Elizabeth Ziegler, 43, took their vows at the Antibes town hall. Then, while crowds along the way cheered and jitterbugged in the street, they rode in slow procession in an open carriage to Juan-les-Pins, two miles away, for the reception. Ten blaring jazz bands serenaded them along the way. After them came 400 wedding guests, including Music Hall Star Mistinguett and U.S. Vice Consul William Bates. Other celebrators: French army Senegalese, local fishermen, long-haired existentialists from Paris, two men carrying a twelve-foot clarinet, cagefuls of doves that had been let loose to flap overhead. Consumption of the 400 guests at the reception: 300 bottles of champagne, 100 bottles of apéritifs, 50 gallons of wine.

The Riviera saw it all as an occasion of profound sentiment: Bechet and his new wife had been engaged before (in 1928); they had married others, been divorced, met again recently in Algiers, decided to keep their old engagement.

Schoenberg of Jazz

In a smoky Manhattan bop-house called Birdland, a crowd of jazz fans gathered to hear a leisurely instrumental sextet skim through a performance that was neither Dixieland, swing, nor bebop. Not even a confirmed bopist could find a melo-



Associated Press

SIDNEY & ELIZABETH BECHET

On the Riviera, profound sentiment.

ic phrase to sing "Ooble-dee-ah-de-coo" with, as the practice is nowadays; there was not even so much as a "Man, that's cool!"* Passionate disciples of blind Pianist-Composer-Theorist Lennie Tristano, 32, are much too conservative for such crudities.

The music Tristano and his group plays has no special name; Tristano just calls it "contemporary." Technically, it calls for improvisation so personal that each musician plays his own carefree melody in his own key, in his own rhythm, developing his own harmonies. In ensemble, the results strike most ears as plain noise, but the devoted are reminded of such comparatively restrained innovators as Bartok and Schoenberg.

Classical Drill. Says Tristano: "Our harmonies are strongly impressionistic. Melodically, I've tried to go beyond bop, which adheres largely to the given harmonic structure; we don't restrict ourselves to the chord when we play melody. Our rhythms are superimposed one on the other. Sometimes I play three different rhythms at once, while the other boys are each playing separate ones." The main idea: every man for himself.

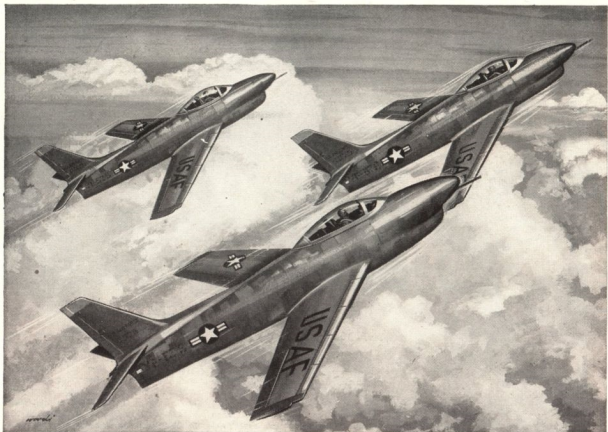
Tristano, a Chicago boy, started improvising on the piano at four. His parents saw to it that he got formal lessons, but no one was impressed by Lennie's classical drill work, least of all Lennie. His eyes, weak at birth, became completely sightless after a bout with measles when he was ten. Lennie developed his musical ear in a school for the blind, graduated to Chicago's American Conservatory, where he



Roy Stevens

LENNIE TRISTANO
In Birdland, every man for himself.

* A phrase, currently in highest fashion, which indicates the degree to which hot jazz has lost its temperature. The mid-40s term: "Real gone"; 1930s: "Hot."



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SALZBURG'S "WOZZECK" (WITH SOPRANO GOLTZ & BARITONE HERMANN)
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took his B. Mus. "They thought my string quartet was 'refreshing,'" he says. "If they'd known it was really jazz, they'd have called it horrible."

Soundproofed Walls. After playing "commercial" jazz in Chicago clubs, Tristano moved to Manhattan, got a few jobs, soon began teaching. It was after bebop came along, in the early '40s, that Tristano's new ideas took form. He made a few recordings for Capitol; none sold more than a few thousand copies, but Lennie's name got around. Some records reached hep listeners in Europe, where he is now an advance-guard favorite.

His fans write glowing letters to him from all over the world. One fan who did more than write: Phyllis Pinkerton, 26, who came from Wisconsin to study with Lennie. When she inherited \$10,000 recently, she invested it in Tristano, who rented a loft over an old garage, soundproofed the walls, installed recording equipment and a piano. There Tristano and members of his sextet teach some 35 pupils, will soon begin recording on their own label.

Victory for Berg

Since its foundation in 1842, the Salzburg Festival has always featured Native Son Wolfgang Mozart, although other Austrians and some outsiders, e.g., Beethoven and Wagner, often creep in. One Austrian whose name was never mentioned in the same breath with Salzburg was Atonalist Alban Berg. But this year Berg made it.

The festival music directors, Gottfried von Einem and Bernhard Paumgartner, suggested last fall that it was high time for a look at the atonalist's operatic masterpiece, *Wozzeck* (TIME, April 23)—and the battle was on. Claimed the Bergophobes: *Wozzeck* uses unsuitable language (e.g., where); it is "dark and depressing"; its 15 scene changes would make the production

unwieldy and expensive. But the Bergophiles won out, and the phobes sat back to watch the project fail.

Failure seemed sure at first: tickets sold like cold cakes. But after the general rehearsal (paid admissions), word went around that *Wozzeck* was something to see.

Last week the performance was a near sellout and a hit. Reason: Berg's tragedy of the simple soldier betrayed by his mistress proved to have so much stage impact that even traditionally conservative Austrians were bowled over. They hardly had time to notice the fact that Berg's music was full of wrenched, tortured and distinctly unconventional effects. Baritone Josef Herrmann sang the title role with pathos, but no mawkishness. Christl Goltz, currently one of Germany's most popular sopranos, was forceful as the wanton mistress. For Stage Director Oscar Fritz Schuh and Conductor Karl Boehm, who produced *Wozzeck* in the early '30s, it was like old times. When it was over, *Wozzeck* got an ovation.

The Met's Rudolf Bing, a *Wozzeck* fan, showed up for the general rehearsal. Wrote New York Times Critic Howard Taubman: "It is to be hoped that he will take his courage in his hands and follow in Salzburg's footsteps."

New Pop Records

A Treasury of Immortal Performances (Victor, 5 vols. 45 r.p.m.). Victor's second installment of records recalling the time when bands were bands and maestros like Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington and Bunny Berigan were leading them.

Mr. Imperium (Ezio Pinza & Fran Warren; Victor, 2 sides LP). Miss Warren and songs (some of them pretty featherweight) are badly outclassed by Operatic Heavyweight Pinza.

Les Paul's New Sound (Les Paul with Mary Ford; Capitol, 6 sides 45 r.p.m.). Paul's new sound is one mean guitar

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parlayed by electronics into a whole studious of mean guitars. Also thanks to electronics, Songstress Ford's new sound resembles old-fashioned yelling down the rainbarrel.

Art Tatum Encores (Capitol, 6 sides 45 r.p.m.). With *Sweet Lorraine*, *Don't Blame Me* and four other standards as ammunition, Jazz Virtuoso Tatum expertly explodes his arpeggios and cadenzas all over the keyboard.

Belle, Belle, My Liberty Belle (Guy Mitchell; Columbia). Songwriter Bob Merrill and Singer Mitchell join forces again (earlier collaborations: *Sparrow in the Tree Top* and *My Truly, Truly Fair*) to explore the profit-making potential-

ties of manic, tinnabulary repetition.

While We're Young (Tony Bennett; Columbia). Crooner Bennett handles a fine lilting waltz with gallant respect.

Enchanted Land (Billy Eckstine; M-G-M). Rimsky-Korsakov's *Song of India*, sugared up and topped by a Himalayan helping of Eckstine's butterscotch baritone.

The Little Fairy Waltz (Guy Lombardo; Decca). One of President Truman's pianistic favorites, given the full dip-and-sway treatment by the Lombardo brothers.

When the Saints Go Marching In (The Weavers; Decca). The Weavers handle a rousing New Orleans graveyard recession-al with their usual guts and gusto.

MILESTONES

Married. Isaac Stern, 31, top-ranking, young U.S. violinist; and Vera Lindenblit, 24, German-born refugee, former U.N. researcher; he for the second time, she for the first; near Tel Aviv.

Married. Preston Sturges, 52, screen director (*The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*), writer (*Strictly Dishonorable*), inventor (a kissproof lipstick); and Ann Margaret ("Sandy" Mellen) Nagle, 21, actress; he for the fourth time, she for the second; at his restaurant in Hollywood.

Married. John Davison Rockefeller, Jr., 77, philanthropist; and Martha Baird Allen, 56, former concert pianist, widow of one of Rockefeller's Brown University classmates; he for the second time, she for the third; in Providence.

Divorced. George Abbott, 65, Broadway producer, playwright (*The Boys from Syracuse*) and director (*Call Me Madam*); by TV Actress Mary (*Studio One*, *Suspense*) Sinclair, 28; after five years of marriage; in Reno.

Died. Arthur Margetson, 54, British-born actor (*Claudia, The Play's the Thing*) who spent 34 years shuttling back & forth between London and Broadway productions, liked best the role of a humorous, stuffed-shirt Englishman, which he played in his last Manhattan appearance (1950's *Clutterbuck*); of cancer; in London.

Died. Major Samuel Woodfill, 58, much-decorated U.S. veteran of World War I^o and the regular Army's answer to drafted Alvin York; of a heart attack; in Vevay, Ind. On Oct. 12, 1918, during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, he charged a German strong point, singlehandedly killed 19 enemy machine gunners (shot 17, picked two after his pistol jammed), so earned his Medal of Honor and a ringing tribute from General Pershing: "Here is America's greatest doughboy."

* Medal of Honor, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre with palm, Order of Danilo of Montenegro.

Died. Louis Jouvet, 63, famed French actor, director, producer and manager of Paris' Athénée Theatre; of a heart attack; in Paris. A specialist in character roles from Molière to Giraudoux, he was best known to Americans through his films (*Lady Paname*, *Volpone*) until he came to Manhattan last March, when, despite the language barrier, he delighted audiences with his deft portrayal of giggling, grinning Arnolphe, hero of Molière's *L'Ecole des Femmes*.

Died. Tu Yueh-sen, 64, onetime fruit vendor who became the underworld boss of Shanghai, controlled the city's waterfront trade unions, ricksha boys and the Red Gate and Blue Societies (protection racket); after long illness; in Hong Kong. In 1927, when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek split with the Communists, Tu broke up the powerful Communist-bossed General Labor Union, managed to keep Shanghai from falling to the Reds. In return, Chiang appointed him head of the Anti-Opium League, a position which gave him legal control of the country's thriving drug trade, in which he already held an illegal monopoly. Tu became one of China's richest, most powerful citizens until he fled the country ahead of the Communist advance in the spring of 1949. In his will, he exhorted his close friends to "carry on my principles of serving my country selflessly."

Died. Artur Schnabel, 69, composer-pianist, best known for his performances of Beethoven (his favorite), Schubert and Mozart; of a heart ailment; in Axenstein, Switzerland. A boy prodigy in Austria, Schnabel took lessons for seven years, but always hated to practice. In 1921, at his first U.S. concert, he defied his managers, dismayed the audience and pleased the critics by playing two solid hours of Beethoven. In later years, Schnabel (who became a U.S. citizen during World War II) took more pride in his atonal Schoenbergian compositions than in his playing. A pun-making perfectionist, Schnabel refused to play encores, would never coddle an audience. Said he: "My only employer is the art."

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DIVIDEND ON COMMON STOCK

The Directors of Chrysler Corporation have declared a dividend of two dollars (\$2.00) per share on the outstanding common stock, payable September 12, 1951 to stockholders of record at the close of business August 20, 1951.

B. E. HUTCHINSON
Chairman, Finance Committee

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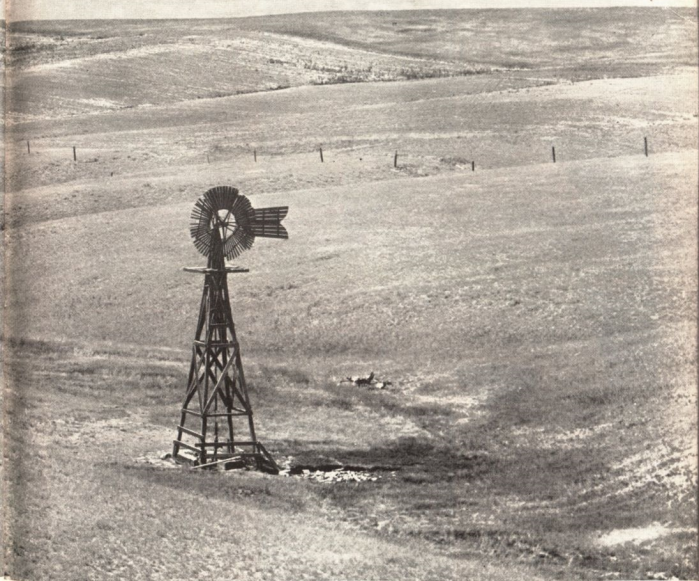


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Wind-driven water well pump. Photo by Roskam, courtesy Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

SEC & the Holding Company

After turning up all sorts of skulduggery in the RFC, Congress last week pointed an accusing finger at SEC as well. Charged a House Judiciary subcommittee: SEC had given special and favored treatment to United Corp., a \$38.7 million public-utility holding company, and ex-SEC officials had moved into five top jobs in the company.

"A curious and sudden shift," says the committee staff's report, developed in SEC's attitude toward United the same year (1943) that William M. Hickey, ex-assistant chief of SEC's utilities section (which he left in 1936), became president of United. Instead of dissolving United, as it had done to 73 other public-utility holding companies, under the "death sentence" law, SEC spared the company. Other top United executives who were once SECmen: Vice President E. Carey Kennedy, former SEC analyst; Edward Roll, also an SEC analyst, now assistant to United's president; Harry G. Slater, who switched from chief counsel of SEC's public-utilities division to assistant general counsel of United's top subsidiary, Niagara Mohawk Power Co.; John J. Burns, counsel to SEC, who now has the same type of job at United.

Says the report: it is fair to conclude from these facts that former SEC officials are now and have been for some time in control of the United Corp. SEC called the charges "ridiculous" because, it said, they had first been advanced by a dissatisfied United stockholder. But Pennsylvania Democrat Francis E. Walter, chairman of the subcommittee, will probably do more than follow the staff's recommendation that he investigate SEC's dealings with United. He is expected to take a hard look at all SEC operations.

ALUMINUM

Blockade Busting

New York's trustbusting Democrat, Representative Emanuel Celler, buttonholed Mobilization Boss Charles E. Wilson at a dinner party one evening. The U.S. needed more aluminum, said Celler, and wasn't getting it fast enough. Who, he demanded, was to blame? Charlie Wilson answered frankly: if any one man was to blame, it was Manny Celler.

Wilson had good reason for his candid answer. When he decided last winter that the U.S. needed a second boost in aluminum capacity, he wanted to get it from those who had the know-how to supply it—Alcoa, Reynolds and Kaiser, the industry's Big Three. But Celler, who heads a House subcommittee investigating monopolies, objected. The U.S. had just beaten down Alcoa's monopoly, said he; now it was threatened by an "oligarchy" in aluminum. When the Justice Department gravely nodded its head in agreement, the



JEWELS worth \$3,750,000—a lot of money even today—were worn by a Manhattan model at a jewelers' convention last week. From Jeweler Harry Winston's famed \$11 million collection, she wore the \$250,000 marquise diamond (on her left hand); a \$250,000 emerald-cut diamond (on her right hand); the \$1,000,000 Austrian tiara (on her head); the \$1,500,000 Hope diamond (around her neck), and the \$750,000 Star of the East (a little farther down).

Interior Department took the hint. It held up approval of fast tax write-offs for further expansion by the Big Three until it could get some newcomers to go into the aluminum business.



EMANUEL CELLER
Who, me? Yes, you.

Interior interviewed a flock of candidates, but had little luck. Most of the prospects shied away when they found that high construction costs would prevent them from selling aluminum profitably for less than 22¢ a lb., v. the Big Three's price of 18¢ based on equipment built at cheaper costs. Finally, the field was narrowed to one enthusiast. He was Leo M. Harvey, a shrewd Californian who had built up an \$8,500,000 aluminum extrusion business, Harvey Machine Co., and already had sewed up a supply of cheap power, the prime essential for aluminum, at Montana's Hungry Horse Dam. Interior agreed that if Harvey could raise \$7,000,000, it would approve a \$46 million loan for him. When Harvey raised only \$3,500,000 and promised to raise the rest by selling stock, Interior asked DPA to make the loan anyway. But last week DPA, in a quandary over Harvey's terms, was not sure it would approve the loan.

Instead, Charlie Wilson, fed up with the delay, prodded out quick tax write-off approval for the expansion plans of the Big Three: an 85,000-ton Texas plant for Alcoa, a 120,000-ton expansion for Kaiser, 20,000 tons of new capacity for Reynolds at Longview, Wash. Total approved expansion for the Big Three since Korea: 545,000 tons. Approved expansion by newcomers: 0. Even Manny Celler and the Justice Department had finally come around to the view that if the U.S. wanted more aluminum fast, it had to go to the people who had the money and experience to produce it fast.

OIL

Unlimbering Giant

To meet the loss of Iran's oil to the West, the U.S. oil industry last week cleared its pipelines for a giant production race. In Texas, the state regulatory commission set the pace: it lifted its monthly "allowable" rate of crude oil production to 3,000,000 barrels, the highest in history.

Never before was the U.S. industry better equipped to meet the test. In six years, it has poured \$12 billion into expansion, boosted its proved reserves by 27%, increased its production capacity by 26%. By so doing, it has managed to keep pace with the nation's own ever-growing demand for fuel (for more tractors, more diesel engines and home burners, for 15 million more autos and trucks than in 1941). In a decade, U.S. petroleum consumption has shot from 1.6 billion barrels a year to 2.6 billion.

For its bootstrapping job, the industry is earning its merited reward. Its booming production has enabled 30 companies to boost their first-half net a whopping 41% above last year. Samples: Standard Oil (N.J.) cleared \$249 million, a gain of 56%; Texas Co., \$87 million, up 59%; Socony-Vacuum, \$76 million, up 66%; Shell, \$46 million, up 18%. Thus the industry was well-heeled for its bigger job.

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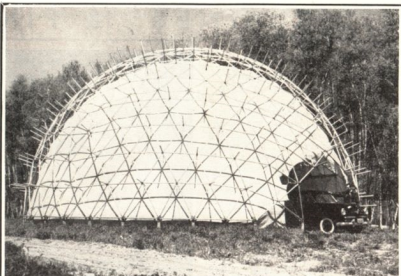
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STATE OF BUSINESS

Midsummer Slump

Everyone knew that some segments of U.S. industry had been in a summertime slump. Last week businessmen learned how deep the slump was. During the second quarter, the nation's production of goods & services hit a record annual rate of \$325.6 billion (up 20% from a year before). But in July, the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production dropped seven points, to 215, the first drop this year. Some of the drop was caused by vacations and floods. But much of it resulted from production cutbacks by makers of television sets, refrigerators, etc., who were waiting for dealers to clear their overstocked shelves.

TV sales were off as much as 80% from last year and still showed few signs of recovering. To perk them up, Crosley, Motorola and Sentinel last week cut prices from \$70 to \$80 on their 1952 models, and even RCA and Admiral, which had held out against price cuts in the past, planned to go along. Other metal users found sales just as slow: with the deadline already past for filing CMP applications for fourth-quarter metals, the government had got requests from less than half of the eligible producers; the rest apparently still had enough to carry them through.

The big soapmakers, who had already cut wholesale prices once in July, cut them again by 3% to 5%. All wholesale prices had edged lower again, and retail food prices had dropped 1% in the last half of July. Even houses—especially the older, higher-priced ones—were beginning to move down. Deflation was not a local phenomenon; in far-off New Zealand, the price of wool broke 70% in a week, and

U.S. suitmakers and carpetmakers expected it to go still lower.

Despite this, there were some hints of higher prices to come. General Motors decided to join the parade of other automakers asking for a boost on the basis of increased costs. With the new cost-of-living wage formula (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), higher costs and prices were in the wind. The Joint Committee on the Economic Report took a look in its crystal ball and predicted: "The pressures for higher prices [in the next two years] are not speculative but fundamental; [they] arise out of increases in basic costs and demand..." But last week, with many prices still softening, U.S. businessmen kept a wary eye on their buying and waited to see for themselves.

CORPORATIONS

King of the Islands

In Manila's block-long Soriano Building, the employees have a saying: "Pick up any piece of paper with writing on it from any drawer or table, and you'll find Soriano's initials on it." Don Andres Soriano not only leaves his mark on a mountain of paper work, but keeps a thumb on just about everything that moves in the Philippines. He is the islands' best-known businessman, biggest philanthropist, runs an industrial empire which provides the livelihood for 80,000 Filipino families. His enterprises' taxes (close to \$30 million a year) make up 10% of the government's total tax revenue. His fortune is estimated as high as \$30 million.

This week Don Andres Soriano, 53, had some good news about one of his biggest enterprises: Philippine Air Lines, which he runs as junior partner (28% owner) with

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NEW ISSUE

August 16, 1951

\$35,000,000

Province of British Columbia (CANADA)

Debentures

Amount	Rate	Maturity	Offering Price	Approximate Yield To Maturity
\$6,000,000	3 %	August 15, 1955	99.63%	3.10%
\$1,500,000	3 %	August 15, 1956	99.08%	3.20%
\$1,500,000	3 %	August 15, 1957	98.65%	3.25%
\$26,000,000	3½ %	August 15, 1976	97.55%	3.65%

Plus accrued interest from August 15, 1951

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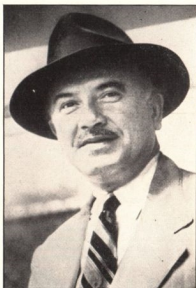
The Dominion Securities Corporation

Wood, Gundy & Co., Inc.

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the government (52%). Deep in the red two years ago, P.A.L. broke into the black last year with a \$350,000 profit, this year chalked up a first-half net of \$636,000, 33 times as much as in the same 1950 period. Next to giant Pan Am, it is now the most profitable international airline in the world. It has 43 planes, routes from Manila over two-thirds of the globe to the Far East, Spain, England and the West Coast of the U.S. Soriano is its unquestioned boss. When the government began meddling last April, he quit; more than 1,500 employees staged mass demonstrations, and the government, to coax him back, had to give him a free hand.

Bubbling Suds. Soriano, a U.S. citizen since 1945, began his empire-building as a 21-year-old accountant in Manila's San Miguel Brewery. Within six years he rose to general manager. He plowed most of his salary and all the money he could bor-



THE PHILIPPINES' SORIANO
Also a brewery in Kansas City.

row into expanding the business. Today the brewery grosses more than \$30 million a year, netted \$3,500,000 in 1951's first half.

With his brewery profits, Soriano has bought mines, dairies, factories, forests, a radio station, owns the third largest Coca-Cola bottling franchise in the world, acts as Philippine agent for five insurance firms, distributor for Philip Morris cigarettes and Lord Calvert whiskey. Nor are his interests purely local. He controls Kansas City's George Muehlebach Brewing Co., bosses gold mines in British East Africa, a development company in Spain. His holdings stretch so far & wide that one top executive, who has been with him 15 years, says: "I still haven't been able to memorize even the names of all the companies yet."

Glittering Chest. When Japan invaded the Philippines, Soriano organized a guerrilla army, was one of General MacArthur's right-hand men (as a full colonel)

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An example is the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. For more than half a century this great organization has spread the enjoyment of music over an ever-widening area. In addition to its enthusiastic following among lovers of the best music, the Chicago Symphony has brought an appreciation of music to generations of youngsters in schools and colleges. It has thus served as an interpreter of the world's music to Chicago area people.

But the Symphony is only one of the renowned institutions that bring a full, cultural life to this dynamic community. It takes its place beside the Chicago Art Institute, the Chicago Natural History Museum, the Museum of Science and Industry, the Chicago Public Library, the John Crerar Library, the Newberry Library, the Chicago Historical Society and this area's great universities and medical schools . . . together forming one of the world's greatest centers of learning and the arts.

Indeed, great natural and economic assets are essential to a great community. But opportunities for self-development are equally important. Industrialists, their employees, and their families will find in Chicago and Northern Illinois an abundance of both.

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in recapturing the islands. As a result, he can wear a cluster of decorations (including the Silver Star) on his Reserve officer's uniform. He sends a daily ration of free beer to the Filipino troops fighting in Korea.

He is equally openhanded with his employees, pays them the highest factory wages in the Far East, knows as many as 2,000 by name. They get a free 100-lb. monthly ration of rice, free medical care, lifelong pensions, and have a commissary with the cheapest prices in Manila. When a toy shortage developed just before Christmas, Soriano dispatched a special P.A.L. plane to Hong Kong to pick up a load of toys for his employees' children.

Soriano travels about 100,000 miles a year, has big, comfortable homes in Manila, Madrid, Southern France and Manhattan. In his world-girdling trips, he keeps a sharp eye open for new businesses. Says Soriano: "I'm neither an introvert, a handshaker nor a patter on the back. If there's anything I enjoy doing, it's planning big industries. I get a kick out of it."

FOREIGN TRADE

British Gloom

After earlier signs of improvement, Britain's world trade position last week was taking a sharp turn for the worse. Only a year ago, Britain's trade showed a \$641 million surplus, but in 1951 it was expected to go \$850 million into the red.

The huge drain is due largely to higher prices of timber, tobacco and grain, much of which Britain must buy in the dollar area (the U.S., Canada, etc.). Another worry is the Iranian oil crisis. If Britain loses her oil from Abadan, she will have to spend some \$350 million more a year buying oil from the dollar area (the U.S. and Venezuela) to make up the difference.

In the face of the new crisis, British politicians could offer nothing but the same old sterile remedies of switching purchases away from the dollar area and tightening the screws in domestic controls. Warned London's *Economist*: "Bluntly... solvency and security must be provided out of the mouths and off the backs of the British people." Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell had another familiar remedy. He planned to ask the U.S. for more dollars to help Britain bear the burden of rearmament, and replace the Marshall Plan aid which was suspended last January.

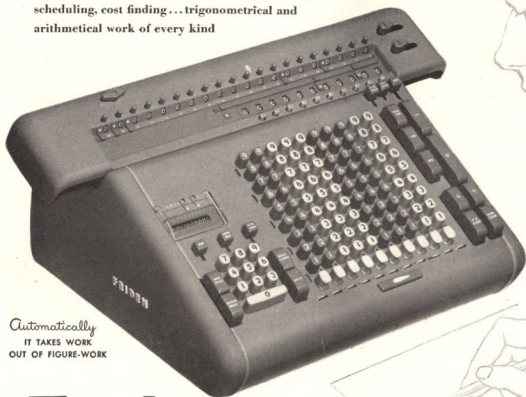
British Glimmers

Amid all the gloom (see above), there were bright spots in Britain's foreign trade:

¶ The government-owned British Overseas Airways Corp. reported a profit of £40,000 (\$112,000) for the second quarter, the first quarterly profit in BOAC history. BOAC's methods: cut personnel (from 23,000 in 1948 to 16,000 at present), run fewer planes (70 v. 130 in 1948) and bigger ones (BOAC now operates nothing but Boeing Stratocruisers on its North Atlantic runs), emphasize personal

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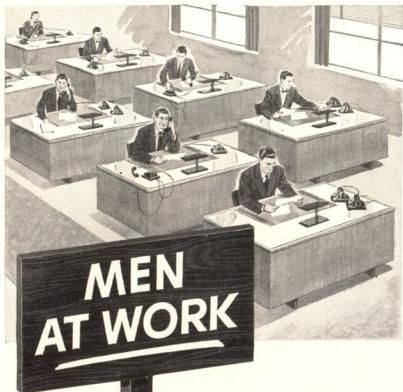
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service. Result: BOAC can now break even on 70% passenger capacity, v. the 100% required three years ago.

¶ The British auto industry, reported the *Yearbook of International Trade Statistics*, outfooted U.S. automakers in volume of exports last year by a wide margin. Of slightly less than 1,000,000 cars and trucks exported by all nations, Britain accounted for 540,000, the U.S. for only 260,000. Biggest buyer of British cars: Australia (76,246). Biggest British gainers in the U.S. market: Austin, up 50% to 5,450; Rootes Motors (Hillman Minx, Sunbeam-Talbot, etc.), up 700% to 5,000.

INSURANCE

Creamed Fenders

Kansas City's Employers Reinsurance Co. last week had some gloomy news for its stockholders. In the first six months of 1951 the company lost \$2,687,510. Main reason: skyrocketing claims for auto acci-



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"Of course that's only an estimate. The actual cost will be somewhat more."

dents. All over the U.S., casualty insurance companies are feeling the same pinch. In New York, where the bulk of nationwide auto liability insurance is written, casualty insurance companies went \$120 million into the red on auto policies between 1946 and 1950. Their deficits last year totaled \$11 million, in 1951's first half were still growing.

Casualty men complain that inflation-minded juries are handing out purse-popping awards in accident cases. Accidents are growing because there are more cars on the road, and too many motorists are driving too fast and too carelessly. The cost of car repairs has also shot up, and new cars are more difficult to fix than pre-war models. For example, to replace a front fender on a 1940 Chevrolet cost \$18.80 for parts and labor ten years ago; the same job on last year's model costs \$42.50. As a result, in spite of six rate increases in the last seven years, casualty companies are already getting ready to holler for more.

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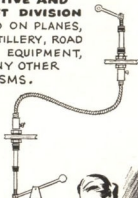


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AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

The Cardinal & the Cadets

What will become of West Point's dismissed cadets? To each of them, the Bellman Publishing Co. of Boston offered a free copy of its book, *How to Choose That College*. But last week, as they quietly left the Point one by one, most of the cadets faced a different problem—how to find a college that would choose them.

Columbia University announced that it would "not even consider" admitting transfers. The University of Virginia wanted no one who had been "dropped or suspended from another college." Neither did Washington and Lee. Meanwhile, Pennsylvania State College was waiting to see "whether the Academy indicated 'discredit or dishonor' on the transcript" before making up its mind.

But this chilly consensus was melted last week by a powerful voice that spoke up in the cadets' behalf. New York's Cardinal Spellman announced that he had asked the three Catholic men's colleges in his archdiocese—Fordham University, Manhattan College and Iona College—to admit the cadets. All three colleges said they would—adding that no cadet would be allowed to play on any varsity team. "To err is human," said Francis Cardinal Spellman, "to forgive, divine."

Report Card

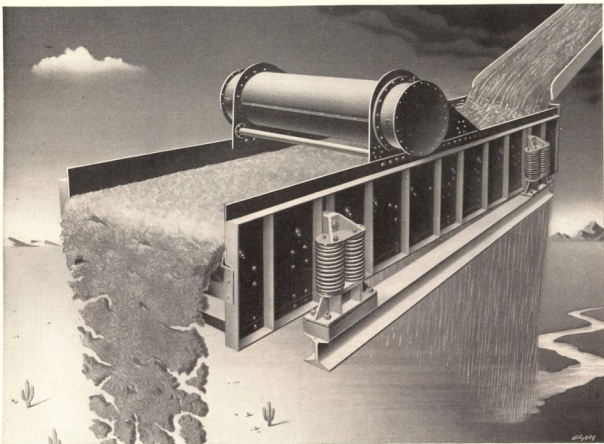
¶ Colorado State College of Education awarded I.B.M.'s Thomas J. Watson a D.Sc., then decided to doctor his wife as well (with an L.H.D.). Said President William R. Ross: "Whenever I have heard Watson speak, he has always said he owes his success to his wife."

¶ Purdue University offered to buy Omaha's Mid-West Airlines and its six planes for \$69,000, said it wanted to give its School of Aeronautics a "live laboratory."

¶ Kansas City schools took a big step in "eliminating the competitive spirit among school children." Instead of listing grades, report cards will now read like this: "*Work Habits*—finishes work on time. . . *Social Attitudes*—is sometimes inconsiderate. . . *Arithmetic*—has difficulty with thought problems. . ."

¶ After years of work on a "pronunciation map" of the U.S., Professor C. K. Thomas of Cornell University announced that he had found at least one continental divide—a line running from Vermont down the Alleghenies, along the Ohio River, then cutting across Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas to the Gulf of Mexico. If a man comes from east of the line, he will say "fabrest"; from the west, "fawrest." The same goes for "ahrange" and "awrange," "Flahrida" and "Flawrida," "hahrrible" and "hawrrible."

¶ After testing 220 white and Negro babies on such items as crawling, babbling, standing and grabbing, Psychologist A. R. Gilliland of Northwestern University poked another hole into an old superstition. Mean I.Q. of the white babies: 103; of the Negroes: 105.6.



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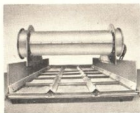
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* U. S. Patents 2,200,724 & 2,457,018



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Pickup (Hugo Haas; Columbia) introduces Hollywood's most promising new moviemaker since Producer Stanley (Champion) Kramer. The film, a simple drama with a high entertainment return on the \$83,000 it cost to make, was produced, directed and co-scripted by Czech-born Hugo Haas, 49, who also plays the leading role.

Sharp-sighted moviegoers may recognize Moviemaker Haas as a minor character actor who has specialized in heavies and buffoons (*King Solomon's Mines*, *The Princess and the Pirate*). In his U.S. debut as a cinematic Jack-of-all-trades, he uses a small cast of faces even less familiar than his own, and a setting consisting mainly of a railroad lineman's shack along the desert route of the Southern Pacific. But he provides what too many pictures lack: an intriguing idea well suited to movie treatment, and the skill needed to bring it off.

Pickup is a story of an amiable, naive widower (well played by Actor Haas) living out a lonely middle age at a dreary outpost along the railroad tracks. On a visit to a carnival to buy a dog, he meets a calculating blonde floozy (Beverly Michaels), who soon has him at the end of her leash. Unable to resist his \$7,000 bank account, she marries him. Then, showing her contempt as broadly as she chews her gum, she waits around for a chance to get rid of her husband and get her hands on his bank account.

The chance comes when Haas goes stone deaf. While his pension is being arranged, the railroad sends a husky young replacement (Allan Nixon) to join him and his wife in the line shack. Haas suddenly regains his hearing in the shock of an automobile accident, but before he can tell anyone his exultant news, he runs into another shock. He hears Nixon wooing his wife, and his wife egging Nixon on to murder Haas—both blandly confident that he is deaf. While he goes on feigning deafness and eavesdropping in full view of the conspirators, the movie becomes a fascinating game of cat & mouse, played for pathos as well as suspense.

Director Haas makes imaginative use of his camera and sound track to bring his story to life. And with **Pickup's** unromantic, middle-aged hero (a role cut to the measure of France's late Raimu), its sense of character, its tolerance of human frailty and its unglamorous backgrounds, he has produced a picture that is a far cry from the usual Hollywood product.

Hugo Haas waited almost a decade before resuming the career of scripter-director-actor that won him a reputation in Europe before World War II. After fleeing Czechoslovakia (and later Paris) a jump ahead of the Germans, he made his way to the U.S. Between a wartime job as an OWI broadcaster and stints on the stage in New York and Chicago, he learned

enough English to get character roles in Hollywood. With German-born Scripter Arnold Phillips, he prepared the **Pickup** scenario from a Czech novel, then trudged around to independent producers trying to sell it. "They all said 'fine,' but they all wanted to rewrite it." So Haas put up his life savings (\$30,000), borrowed money from friends and shot the picture himself in ten days last March.

After Gossipist Louella Parsons raved over a screening, Columbia bought the picture outright for \$125,000. Haas's second movie, *The Bridge* (cost: \$90,000), will be distributed by 20th Century-Fox under a deal that gives him \$125,000. And he has already wrapped up his third pic-



Ernie Stout

ACTOR-PRODUCER HAAS
At the end of a floozy's leash.

ture, *Thy Neighbor's Wife* (cost: more than \$100,000).

Haas still lives simply, with his wife and son, in an aging bungalow in a middle-class neighborhood on the fringe of Hollywood. ("I don't see happiness in swimming pools and Cadillac convertibles.") He tries to avoid Hollywood parties ("full of empty talk and stupid pretension") and ignores the offers he has been getting to work for major studios. Explains Haas: "I don't feel I would do my best if I were handed a property by the studio and told to do it. I could not get enthusiastic under those conditions."

Meet Me After the Show (20th Century-Fox) takes place in the Technicolor never-never land inhabited by most musicals, and deals with the improbable problems of a Broadway couple, played by Macdonald Carey and a plump but appetizing Betty Grable. Though starred in a show produced by her husband, Betty frets because she suspects his love is cooling; when she finds him clamped in the



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embrace of a lush redhead, she is almost sure of it.

After some legal wranglings, Betty feigns amnesia, flounces out of her Park Avenue apartment and on to a Miami plane, headed for the honky-tonk nightclub where she got her start as a singer. Husband Carey and a faithful-dog suitor (Eddie Albert) arrive on the next plane, learn that Betty plans to marry a local beachcomber who wants to take her to the South Seas. This foolishness is somehow resolved when Carey is inadvertently hit on the head with an oar and gets amnesia himself.

Meet *Me's* dances, staged by Jack Cole, help to rescue the picture from the burden of its mail-order plot. With the support of a stuffed polar bear, Betty appears at her rowdy best in *It's a Hot Night in Alaska*;



BETTY GRABLE & FRIENDS
Also nimble with Roman slaves.

against a Pompeian background and supported by half a dozen gigantic and wooden-faced Roman slaves, she is both nimble and funny in *No Talent Joe*. And the closing number, *I Feel Like Dancing*, has both melody and imagination, with Betty getting a notable comic assist from Dancer Gwyneth Veron.

That's My Boy (Paramount) gets its moments of fresh, likable comedy from the performances of three veteran nightclub entertainers: Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis (*TIME*, July 23), and movie newcomer Eddie Mayehoff, who played a stuffy Princeton man in Broadway's *Season in the Sun*.

Mayehoff, as an ex-All-America given to a middle-aged flexing of his biceps, nearly steals the picture with his efforts to make a real he-man out of his gangling son, played by Jerry Lewis with dental braces, thick-lensed glasses and an I.Q. apparently as low as his morale. Dean Martin, as Jerry's college roommate and

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The minute you change to Macmillan, you'll get an increase in power and gasoline mileage. You cut down on "drag"—your gasoline "pushes" easier than before. After the second or third drain, the average motorist gets an increase in gasoline

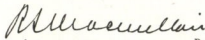
mileage of 8%! That's because Macmillan has not only reduced engine friction but also has reduced carbon and gum deposits in the combustion chamber, on rings, valves, and valve stems. This results in higher compression because of better piston seal—smoother operation, and less tendency for the motor to ping.

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the campus football hero, gets the girl (Marion Marshall) as well as the chance to sing a few standard songs (*Ballin' the Jack, I'm in the Mood for Love*).

Written by Radio Scriptor Cy (*My Friend Irma*) Howard, *That's My Boy* reaches its comedy high in the opening slapstick sequences between Mayheoff and Lewis, then runs steadily downhill through a thicket of Freudian ABCs and the labored plot complications that lead to Jerry's coming through in the big game.

Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell (20th Century-Fox) keeps the Clifton Webb series alive, but only at the cost of sabotaging its leading character and committing mayhem on the 1948 Broadway success, *The Silver Whistle*. This time, the acid, all-knowing Webb is uncomfortably fitted out with a heart of gold, while Robert McEnroe's comedy, on which the movie is based, loses most of its puckish spirit.

In the interests of research, Webb uses false papers to get admitted as a 77-year-old to a dreary old folks' home. Before long, his fellow dotards are capering like retarded children, he has deflated pompous Preacher Hugh Marlowe, and increased the pulse beat of pretty but repressed Nurse Joanne Dru. Then Webb is exposed as a fraudulent olderster and, somewhat irrationally, the other inmates turn against him. Eventually, of course, the old folks re-embrace their benefactor, and *Belvedere* ends in a damp rush of sentimentality that finds the nurse and preacher in each other's arms, the oldersters acting kitchiness again, and Webb walking jauntily off into the sunset.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Whistle at Eaton Falls. Producer Louis de Rochemont bases his provocative story of labor-management relations on true incidents, and takes a sympathetic look at the thorny problems of both sides (*TIME*, Aug. 13).

Strangers on a Train. Alfred Hitchcock's implausible but dazzlingly tricky thriller about a psychopath (Robert Walker) with a new scheme for foolproof murder (*TIME*, July 16).

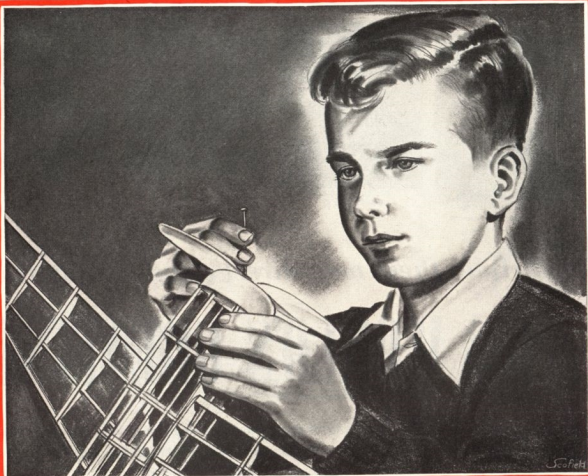
The Frogmen. How the Navy's underwater demolition teams cleared invasion beaches in World War II; with Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill (*TIME*, July 9).

Four in a Jeep. The timely story of a four-power MP patrol in Vienna, split by the plight of a Viennese girl in trouble with the Soviet command (*TIME*, June 18).

Oliver Twist. Director David (*Great Expectations*) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (*TIME*, May 14).

On the Riviera. Danny Kaye plays a double role in a cinemalike whose laughs, songs and dances sparkle as brightly as its Technicolor (*TIME*, May 7).

Father's Little Dividend. In a lively sequel to the original Spencer Tracy-Joan Bennett-Elizabeth Taylor comedy, *The Father of the Bride* becomes a grandfather (*TIME*, April 23).



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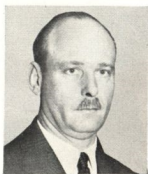
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Forever Babbitt

MR. SMITH (278 pp.)—Louis Bromfield—Harper (\$3).

One morning while shaving, Wolcott Ferris, prosperous insurance broker, froze before his bathroom mirror as if he had seen a shrunken head. He had seen something worse: his shrunken self. "What are you missing?" he asked his blue-grey eyes. "Why the hell do you exist? Why do you



Maria Laya-coma-Pix

U.S.'s BROMFIELD

Gibes from a returned expatriate.

go on living?" Why had life been picked clean to the bones short of 40?

All the answers Ferris can dredge up are corroded with hate and futility. He loathes his job, is desperately weary of the daily stint on the office treadmill. He detests his pretentious "neo-Georgian" home in Oakdale, a genteel Midwestern suburb. Most of all he hates "the goddamn blood-drinking octopus" he married. Enid Ferris is one of those primly efficient young matrons who know how to place-kick an indulgent husband over the goal posts of a cash culture to make a social score. But Enid is all take and no give. Frigidly squeamish about the claims of the flesh, she chills Ferris' love-making with protests like: "Don't! Where did you learn such a filthy trick?" After two children, they take to twin beds and an expurgated marital life.

Values F.O.B. Ferris tries to fill the loveless void with cocktails, out-of-town stag spees, and finally an affair with a rich divorcee, Mary Raeburn. While the whole town is clucking, Ferris discovers that Mary, in her own way, is as much of an emotional bankrupt as Enid. One afternoon he finds her doubled in pain from the need for dope; she is a hopeless addict.

Their affair ends just as World War II

begins. For Ferris, it means a late reprieve from the "little-death" trap he is in.

He enlists, only to be marooned on a tiny South Pacific island supply depot. There he types rams in a confessional diary, relating his failure as a human being to that of all the other middle-class Mr. Smiths who, in Thoreau's phrase, "lead lives of quiet desperation." He decides he has never been his own man. His values have come f.o.b. Detroit, New York, Hollywood. Instead of the surges of the heart, he has lived by the slogans of the hucksters. One night a confused sentry mistakes him for a Jap, sends him to meet the man-sized death he secretly yearns for.

Change on Jello. As a slash at American middle-class life, *Mr. Smith* rarely cuts more than cuticle-deep. But for Author Louis Bromfield, who has tackled only Jello-weight themes for years, it marks an abrupt change of mental pace. Dunked in soggy prose and soupy characters, *Mr. Smith* still claims a kissing kinship with *Babbitt* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*.

It also contains many of the standard gibes of European intellectuals—no surprise, since Midwesterner Bromfield himself spent 15 expatriate years in France prior to 1938. The ideas behind *Mr. Smith* hatched after his return. "I was struck very forcefully," he says, "by things I might not have noticed if I had been living here all that time." Chief among them: "The confusion in the minds of many Americans about the importance of water closets, automobiles, radios, etc. They think they are civilized because they have these. But they actually are a means to an end, not an end itself."

Today, says Author Bromfield, the level of U.S. taste is "based on the sports pages, comics, radio and TV." Flocking together in crowds, many Americans "cannot be alone and think for themselves."

Author Bromfield was not always so alert at spotting the termites in the American grain. Interviewed at a homecoming in 1933, he cried: "What do I like about America? Everything! . . . We have a Pollyanna's Paradise . . . I went to a movie, walked through the five-&-ten, ate peanuts and felt at home again."

Flesh & The Devil

THE DESERT OF LOVE (214 pp.)—François Mauriac—Pellegrini & Cudahy (\$3)

For the novelist of religious mind, sin is a pervasive subject. But François Mauriac, a Roman Catholic and one of the most gifted of living French novelists, was pulled up short 23 years ago by the challenge of a friend and fellow Catholic: Was Mauriac's fascination with sin a shade too rapt for piety? Advised Thomist Jacques Maritain: let Mauriac examine his soul to see whether it was pure enough to portray evil "without conniving with it."

Pained, Mauriac wrote an essay in self-

defense. "Christianity," he complained, "makes no allowance for the flesh; it abolishes it." *The Desert of Love*, written in 1925 and one of eight of his novels (total: 15) published in the U.S., reflects the disturbed Mauriac of those days.

Makings of a Saint. The plot is routine—a middle-aged doctor and his young son each fall in love with the same kept woman—but Mauriac fashions a somber and moving story of frustrated love. The father, Dr. Courrèges, has had a drab life, and he idealizes Maria Cross, the mistress of a wine merchant, imagines her as wronged by the whole world. Son Raymond does no idealizing; in his grubby way he just wants to go to bed with her.

Father & son both misunderstand Maria. Neither noble nor vicious, she is simply a handsome, rather slothful woman given to day-dreaming, a latter-day Emma Bovary without a husband. And Maria misreads the character of father & son. It never enters her head that so dull a man as the doctor could love her in selfless fashion. She thinks that son Raymond may bring her romance and a fresh start—until he attacks her crudely. She tries, vainly, to commit suicide. Years later, by now a hardened rake, Raymond thinks to himself: "Everything serves as fuel for passion; abstinence sharpens it, repletion strengthens it, virtue keeps it awake . . . It is a frantic and a horrible obsession."

Though love has led all three into deserts, all three have their attractiveness. Mauriac lets Dr. Courrèges put his strong-



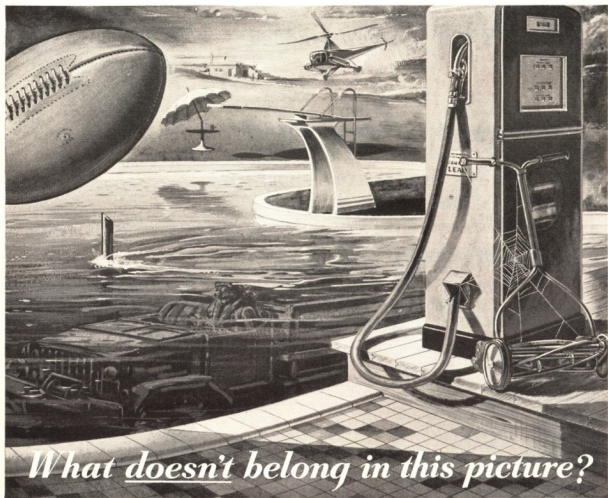
Graphic House

FRANCE'S MAURIAU

Reflections of a disturbed moralist.

est case for Maria Cross: "I know that somewhere in her are the makings of a saint."

The Pleasure of Disgust. *The Desert of Love* was one of the last of François Mauriac's "unregenerate" novels. A year after his cry that "Christianity makes no allowance for the flesh," he underwent deep conversion. He approvingly quoted Pas-



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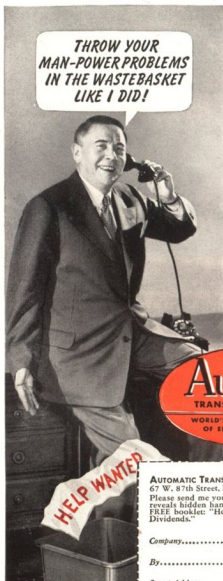
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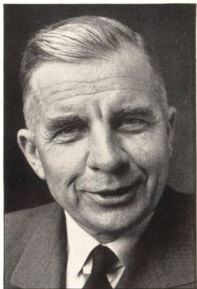
cal: "What pleasure is greater than being disgusted with pleasure?"

Mauriac has written seven novels since then. In most of them the characters win their way to painful knowledge of themselves, gain glimmers of the love of God. In most, Mauriac writes with surgical brilliance. But only one (*Vipers' Tangle*—TIME, Nov. 3, 1947) rates with the best work of his unregenerate days: *Therese* (1927) and *The Desire of Love*.

Flyer's Flight

ALONE HE WENT (248 pp.)—Anthony Richardson—Norton (\$3).

Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, D.S.O., is today commander in chief of Britain's Fighter Command. But in May 1940 he was a mere squadron leader, just notified of his promotion to group captain. Promptly he decided to lead his old



Brian Seed

AIR MARSHAL EMBRY

In the tail compartment, a P.W.

squadron on a farewell sweep over northern France. An hour or so later, while the rest of the squadron headed home, Group Captain Embry, his plane shot to pieces, was "gently, blissfully" descending upon the German lines by parachute.

The Germans captured him, but Embry was back in Britain again within ten weeks. He made his first break—from a marching column of P.W.s—by taking a lightning header into a ditch of muddy water. The guards never saw him go. He exchanged his R.A.F. uniform for "the most beautiful coat he'd ever seen" (he borrowed it from a scarecrow) and headed for the British lines.

As Embry advanced in tatterdemalion disguise, the British retreated. Once he got close enough to be in danger from their artillery, but he never managed to catch them. When he reached the Channel, he found every coastal boat, down to the smallest dinghy, smashed in by



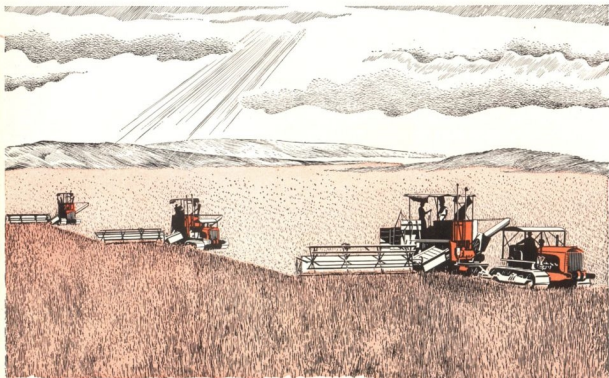
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German sledge hammers. Recaptured, he killed two guards with a rifle butt and escaped; recaptured again a few days later by a German patrol, he managed to persuade an enemy intelligence officer that he was an Irish revolutionary whose sole aim was to get back home and be a thorn in the side of the British. "Put me on a German ship," he begged, "and send me to Ireland . . . [or] let me get to Spain, and there I'll find a ship."

Embry got into Spain all right—curled up in the tall compartment of a British agent's car. Meanwhile, in matted beard and filthy clothes, he had witnessed the Germans' triumphal entry into Paris, carefully studied the layout of a strategic airfield, and spent at least one comfortable night cheekily sleeping in the bed of an absent German general. Like most men who escaped through Occupied France, he speaks almost with awe of the peasants and plain folk who unhesitatingly risked their lives to help him on his way.

Alone He Went properly should count as an extraordinary story. But its popularity is likely to be dimmed by two defects. One of them: it is written by an R.A.F. colleague of Embry's, and thus has neither the personal touch of autobiography nor the literary touch of a professional "ghost." The other: World War II has already produced so many amazing tales that nothing short of a masterpiece is likely to raise much flutter.

Edwardian Laughter

THE LIMIT (256 pp.)—Ada Levenson—Norton (\$3).

"The wittiest woman in the world," said Oscar Wilde of Ada Levenson. Others who admired Ada's sparkle were Max Beerbohm, Aubrey Beardsley, Henry James and George Bernard Shaw (whom she succeeded as drama critic of the *Saturday Review*). Venomous with bores, she flattened them joyfully. When a vacation acquaintance buttonholed her with "I don't know whether you realize it . . . but my aunt was a Thunderby," Ada cried, "Oh, how terrible! Oughtn't we to inform the management?" Accused of using peroxide on her hair, she flashed that she "only darkened it a little at the roots."

Ada Levenson died in 1936, deaf, but witty to the last. In addition to her dramatic criticism, she left six novels and at least one unfinished work—to be entitled (she said) *The Collected Telegrams of Oscar Wilde*. Her third novel, *The Limit* (1911), now appears in the U.S. for the first time. It is a fine example of the Levenson specialty: Edwardian laughter with an edge to it.

Like most novels of its period, *The Limit* deals with fashionable ladies & gentlemen—mostly too well off to worry about having nothing to do. Among them:

¶ Miss Luscombe, a woolly-headed, stage-struck creature who nonetheless has an eye for hard cash. "She lives in the clouds, but she insists on their having a silver lining."

¶ Mrs. Wyburn and Miss Westbury, two elderly pussies whose skill in exchanging

tattle and insults is so practiced that it is sometimes hard to know which is speaking. When one has clawed the other a particularly deep swipe, she always follows up with the stinging antiseptic, e.g. "I do assure you, Millie, I never dreamt of hurting your feelings."

¶ Mynheer von Stoendyck, a Belgian inventor whose perfect command of the English language is simply not credited by his British hostess. She helpfully translates everything that is said to him into broken English.

These characters whirl around the edges of *The Limit* like the fringe on a parasol. But at the center, holding the story up, stands Romer Wyburn, one of those proverbial Britons who scarcely ever open their mouths. "I thought he was a strong silent man, a man with an orange up his



NOVELIST LEVENSON

Up the sleeve, a sledge hammer.

sleeve," complains his flighty wife (whom he adores), "but I've never seen the orange." Romer silently ignores her affair with a playboy until, reaching "the limit," he suddenly fetches out of his sleeve not an orange but a sledge hammer. One blow from Romer and the dancing characters around him disintegrate like glass toys.

Like its characters, *The Limit* has a wholly unprofessional air. Chapters are skittishly allotted first to one set of people, then to another. The stern "line" and "unity" of a Flaubert (or of a professional instructor in how-to-write-a-novel) is replaced by the skilled amateur's best tool—a skewer of personal touch and bias that holds all the pieces together. To post-Edwardian writers, obsessed by character analysis and an urge to get to the bottom of everything, *The Limit* should bring two salutary reminders: 1) actions speak louder than words; 2) the agony of creation belongs to the author, not the reader.

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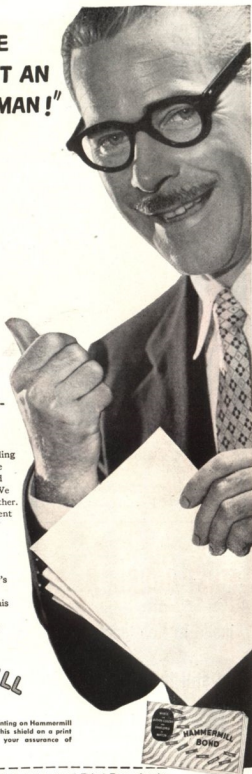


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Dream House. In Halifax, N.S., a pair of newlyweds advertised in the *Mail Star*: "Want modest home large enough to keep the bride from going home to her mother and small enough to keep the mother from coming to visit."

Cool Logic. In Phoenix, after crossing the burning Mojave desert in a car fitted with 50 lbs. of ice and an air-conditioning unit, plus a block of dry ice on the floorboard, Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Larnc pulled into a service station to find out what made the car so warm, learned that their heater was on.

Forced Landing. In Dudley, England, after two happy years in the pool of the local zoo, the resident pelican took off on a flight for freedom, landed by mistake in the lion pit.

Catching On. In Brooklyn, police watched Tom Yacenda playing catch with his brother who was up in a second story window, then arrested the pair on a book-making charge when they discovered that Tom was fitting betting slips and money into a slit in the ball.

Leave of Absence. In Keosauqua, Ia., County Jail Prisoner David Boley sawed his way to freedom, returned two days later with his brother, who confirmed the story that he had just gone off for a little fishing.

Air Offensive. In Toronto, Alderman Roy Belyea complained to the Board of Controls that something would have to be done about the growing starling population which has some residents afraid to venture forth without carrying their umbrellas.

Repository. In London, doctors relieved a patient's persistent pains after removing from his stomach: a razor blade, a piece of porcelain, a steel file, a lady's hair clip, a double-six domino, a key, a knife handle, a pin, a pen, two stones, two nails, two broken knife blades, three matches and four pennies.

Run Down. In Providence, after he was arrested for speeding, Motorist George Maloof explained that he was mentally disturbed at the time: his car radio had just reported that the Red Sox were taking a beating from the White Sox.

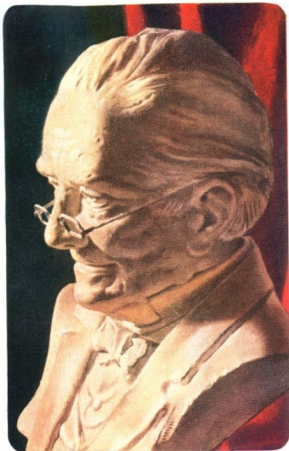
Clean Getaway. In Phoenix, after William Pilling told police that he got off fairly easily when a burglar stole only \$6 and a Stetson hat, he discovered that the thief had also taken a bath, left a ring around the tub.

Topped. In Toronto, on the same Sunday the United Church offered a sermon entitled "Rainbow," the Baptist preacher two blocks away chose the topic: "The Double Rainbow."

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